

2ND TERM CURSE: REAGAN,
CLINTON, AND NOW BUSH

EXCLUSIVE A PREVIEW OF
OUR NEW OLYMPIC WARDROBE



MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE | www.macleans.ca

NOVEMBER 7 2005

Pass the weed, Dad

Parents are smoking up with their kids. What are they thinking?

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"The headline 'Norman Bethune sex shocker' (Oct. 24) was more befitting a gossip rag. Still, there is no question that the material was interesting." —**Paul Coleman**, Westmount, Que.

Power and profit

I am amazed that IRM Canada Ltd. makes year after year of Canada's Top 100 Employers ("Shocking Beliefs," *Comic*, Oct. 24) year after year. I don't know if you are working with old information or if your standards are just low, but please risk the handshake, if not thousands, of hard working and long-serving IRM Canada employees like me who found themselves suddenly unemployed over the past few years what they think. Big blue has deep pockets and expensive lawyers, so you take what you are offered and you live quietly. After 24 years of service, my boss fired me no more, told me that I no longer worked there, asked over my shoulder while I was given a few minutes to clean out my desk, and then walked me to the door while my co-workers looked on. "That indignity will be my image of IRM for the rest of my life. The company is profitable and profitable, but do not call it a good employer."

Boon Koo, Irvine, B.C.

Could you explain to me how the dealings of one fraction of its entire company (Canadian Inc.'s Winnipeg office, a *union*) can make the whole corporation a top employer, especially if the practices are not consistent throughout the entire organization? Canadian puts a Top 100 tag on all its public relations and recruiting literature for all its Canadian properties. "This means very little" (writing time the same phrasing is not provided at other Canadian sites).

Lar Aikema, Thunder Bay, Ont.

As a private psychologist I have seen a steady increase in the number of clients in my practice who are in need of treatment due to unbearable workplace situations. While I was very hesitant to hear of some of the wonderful things that certain companies are doing for their employees, my experience with me that such companies are still very much in the minority. In my opinion, there are a large number of organizations that will not get that an employer's emotional/psychological health is directly tied to the bottom line. Maybe people should start writing in



and talking about the horror stories they are facing at their own workplaces. Maybe then these companies will get it.

L. Craig Turner, Winnipeg

After reading about great workplaces in Canada and discovering that my employer was among the Top 100, I read with glee the article on Canada's former UN ambassador and humanitarian Stephen Lewis ("Lewis unleashed," *Ask*, Oct. 24). And then I came upon the story about girls punting cancer in technology and science and the interview with Princeton's dean of engineering, Mimi Kline ("Bring on the problems," *Ask*, Oct. 24). In 1999, when my daughter was in Grade 9, she started one of Kline's workshops. My daughter is now completing a B.Sc. at the University of Victoria and she is no doubt she was influenced by Mimi's wisdom and enthusiasm. Thanks for these articles and the excellent read!

Progy Grant, New Westminster, B.C.

Championing Stephen Lewis

The average tenure of an UN secretary-general is a mere about 2.5 years. Rob Mann took office in 1997, which would mean his second two-year term expires in 2006. What better candidate for Canada to champion than Stephen Lewis? His understanding of the issues, his vision of what needs to be

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done, and the political compass make him the ideal person.

Ann Robertson, Calgary

You give two money pages to Stephen Lewis, who is screaming about AIDS, the biggest plague to afflict the human race, and the social collapse of the entire continent of Africa because of it, and scraggle the dead history of Norman Bethune and some guy ("Sex, spin and Bethune's secret," *Investigation*, Oct. 24). Why? Because the Bethune story wasn't much work, just looking down at a contented student's thesis? Instead of making vapour comments about Lewis's entry style, why don't you do some real investigative journalism to inform Canada what Lewis is screaming about? Visually every paragraph of your Lewis story is worthy of an on-again explanation. How about giving us

a definition of what you call the "wealth of statistics, surveys and reports available on the cause and extent of the problems" and why Lewis says the "lack of progress is unacceptable"?

Linda L. Wong, Georgetown, Ont.

Nearly every story in your Oct. 24 issue is tied together by Charlie Gill's article on Stephen Lewis and humanitarian aid. As individuals, corporations, countries, and unions, we have an obligation to care for, encourage, educate, and equip people regardless of language, race, and ethnic background. The emphasis of our jobs, businesses, donations, election campaigns, even the food we eat, have one common thread: we are all reliant on other people far to work. Those Lewis get the response wrong. What need a lesson on how to treat each other better?

Paul Baratta, Oshawa, Ont.

Made in Canada. Sure.

I am writing in regard to Peter Mansbridge's column about his search for made in Canada linen and what he calls "the reality of the Chinese Chinaman's," including Chinese-made, sold in Canada hockey equipment (ice skater and knee pads ("A made-in-China work!," *Manbridge on the Record*,

Oct. 24). Nothing is more Canadian than our beloved RCMP. However, I recently searched for official RCMP space suits for a new movie and every one I found was made in China. Just what do we make in Canada?

Sam Paine, Parkville, B.C.

For over 20 years I have worked hard in the manufacturing industry. The one common element used to be a close working relationship with manufacturers in many different parts of society. *Manbridge* mentioned that it was remarkable that China has become a major manufacturer. Well, it is getting far more pervasive. If the product you're holding in your hand actually says made in Canada, think again. The sewing that produces the part was definitely made in China, and this is the huge problem that I can only see getting worse. What's going to happen in 10 more years when literally everything made on some other soil? No one wants to know.

Bobin Kook, Toronto

Politics and the Pope

In the story about Catholic MPs who support gay marriage and the possibility that the movement could be withdrawn from them, you describe Communion as "the sipping of bread" and were symbolizing Christ's body and blood ("Table for some was tipped," *Politics*, Oct. 17). Catholic do not believe that the bread and wine are symbolic, as many Protestant churches do. We believe that Christ's body and blood, and not doctrine, are truly present under the appearance of bread and wine. It is because of this belief that such important issues are attached to receiving the sacrament and why worshippers must be in a state of grace to do so.

Gene Wilson, St. John's, Nfld.

Marriage does not belong in the realm of liberal politics and hypocrite politicians do not belong in any Christian church, let alone the Catholic Church. Under whose authority does a political party have the right to charge our moral values? Why don't they seek to what they do best, like robbing us for more money to pay for their faceless scandals.

Nel Weil, Toronto

Funny, my Jesus was a barefoot rabbi who preached tolerance and love. What's next, another inquisition?

Thomas R. Eaton, Power River, B.C.



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It's Tim's world

[First read your story on the Tim Hortons cof for our latest issue ("The cups aren't enough," Environment). Oct. 24] and I not only agree with the idea of making takeout coffee cups but would go a step farther and ban all fast-food drive-through "takeout global warming" (just look at the logs). Surely day by day we are contributing to the pollution problem.

Roy Cohen, Ottawa, Ont.

I am surprised that you did not mention the rebate Tim Hortons has had in effect for many years. All you need is a Tim Mug, or other brand of non-disposable cup, and you get five cents off the cost of your coffee. The huge lumpy coffee warm longer and do away with waste. You even get a free fill-up whenever you purchase the mug. Tim Hortons and its misfit of their competitors. The cop

“
Democrats should say point-blank that they want the troops home in the warm embrace of their families.”

For many years, during my morning walks, I have been picking up litter, and adding Tim Hortons cups. If the Tim Hortons organization really wants to help the environment, it should consider to Roll Up the Rim to Win promotions. In these campaigns, the number of empty coffee cups in any area quadruples.

Alice Wayfield, Burlington, Ont.

He'll be back

We Californians support Gov. Arnold Schwarzenegger's policies and initiatives ("One-term terminators" United States, Oct. 3). He wants California to live within its means, and spend responsibly, thereby reversing years of deficit, union buster, irresponsible spending and policies that make California the 45th worst state in which to invest, live and do business. He believes that parents should be notified if their 13-year-old daughter is having an abortion, which makes sense in a state where

the same girl can get an Aspirin from the school nurse without a parent's permission. He believes that union members should have the right to approach their dues as spent on political matters. I believe that Schwarzenegger will surprise everyone (some very unpleasantly and deservedly) in the same way that President George W. Bush surprised everyone by tossing John Kerry.

Roe Dunn, El Cerrito, Calif.

Schoolboy criticisms

What Scott Brashers was coming up against as he entered the Museum of Modern Art was not the limits of his intelligence but rather the limits of his sensitivity ("Stripes, dribbles, hairy balls," Culture, Oct. 24). The article was amusing and entertaining and could be easily dismissed as it appeared to a schoolboy, but why does a respectable publication feel compelled to perpetuate these schoolboy criticisms? Some people don't appreciate modern art—why take cheap shots at those who do?

Michael Buttz, South Bay, Minn. Ont.

Give peace a chance

In her zeal to champion the peace movement and between the annual advice of Democratic consultants on how the Democrats can win election by avoiding opposing the war in Iraq, Laura Ch. Swagel totally missed the point ("Sorrow for the peaceable," United States, Oct. 24). Democratic Hillary Clinton would not have been on stage at the huge Sept. 24 anti-war rally in Washington because she supports the war. Debating the legacy of the anti-war movement is a waste of time. Get over it. As for the self-loathing of the Democrat on non-foreign issues, that should be easy to solve. Democrats should say point-blank that they want the troops home in the warm embrace of their families as soon as possible. They should say plainly that George W. Bush's policies are making America, the Middle East and the world much less secure. And they should point an alternative foreign policy that the overwhelming majority of Americans would support. Unfortunately, the peace movement's job is not to solve the Democratic party's problems. Our job is to end the war, and begin to dismantle the war machine.

Rebekh Martin, Executive Director Peace Action and Peace Action Education Fund, Silver Spring, Md.

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UPFRONT



Disasters | Finally, the Cree say goodbye to all that

Again the killer was water. But not roiling over levees or crashing against at their moorings. The tepid tides were now flowing from taps in the "Bye-Bye" Cree reserve of Katchewanow, on James Bay, 450 km north of Timmins, Ont. It is named with E. Cole, as federal report team discovered two weeks ago, but it has been contaminated for years, leaving children with blistered skin, and their parents with guerdenners and who know what other more sinister ailments. Last week, as various levels of government fell over each other in their rush to blame, many of the band of 1,700 Cree were evacuated to places like Sudbury, even as that city's mayor complained about stretched resources and asked for other communities to help out.

The natives themselves were surprised at the interest from the national media and the sudden action of the federal government, which promised to build them a new community (perhaps away from the flood plain where)



Cree from the Katchewanow reserve board a plane for Sudbury (above), scores from the tainted water

Ottawa built "Kash" in 1912, given them more access, an X-ray machine and better homes. Hopes for a better future, however, remain as bleak as the landscape.

Quote of the week | 'I don't travel with that kind of money.'

U.S. Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice in Ottawa, when asked if she brought a cheque for the \$3.5 billion an adjudication panel says Canada is owed because of the softwood lumber dispute

ScoreCard

SEPARATING CHOCOLATES, PLEASE

Crisley, part com-priser Levesque / Really gave the new GG heck / By refusing her arrest, \$15,000 is gone / Why blame her for no separate Quebec?

FEAR

Survival trials / Criminals plotives in order: heights, germs, poisons, needles, flying, lightning. Pretty good list. What scary? Think cancer, heart disease, AIDS, obesity. What really scary? Think negotiating with worst lumber with next U.S. president—Come like.

HARSHET MERS

White House lawyer / Says out at press / General nominee for Supreme Court / Condemned as too conservative, as not enough "Gothic" / Almost ignores / Fact that non-judge was weekly unqualified / She's perfect, in other words, to be replaced as new head of U.S. Federal Emergency Management Agency

2,000 DEAD

Load of 6's toddlers killed in Italy / Last summer 2,000, with American military spokesman saying medals will be given as the medals. Number 2,000 was Staff Sgt. George Alexander Jr., 34, of Killeen, Texas. Dad of warriors from a racistist bomb

CLEARED A month after David Oringwell resigned as head of the Royal Canadian Mint following a dust up regarding more than \$740,000 in expenses, an outside audit found virtually all of them legitimate. But the audit also found that he must pay back \$2,379.66 to the mint, as well as another \$4,266 owed by a dental centre.

BREACH It's everyone's business as worker pays his head in the door and announces that 17 people at the firm just won the lottery. It happened at Viking Energy Royalty Trust near Casagosa, Alta., where co-workers are sharing the record \$54.3-million Lotto 6/49 jackpot.

AVIAN FLU Organizers of the 83rd annual Royal Agricultural Winter Fair in Toronto are cancelling the poultry and swine bird competition due to fear of avian flu. The 41-year tradition from Australia Europe, and although the risk of exposure was deemed minimal, the decision was seen as the "be responsible thing to do."

WILMA It started out as the most powerful hurricane on record, extensively damaging Mexico's Yucatan Peninsula, and it was still a category three storm when it tore right across southern Florida. That was its eighth hurricane in two years, Wilma did extensive damage to both the Gulf and Atlantic coasts. At least 27 people died along Wilma's path.

BY GREGG OLSON



ARE CANADIANS CONCERNED ABOUT AVIAN FLU?

Yes, according to the results of an Internet poll conducted by Pollara Inc. And they also believe they are not getting enough information about the risks and issues. "Canadians feel they are not well-informed when it comes to issues of public risk," says Pollara vice-president Robert Desautel. "They are not sure who to turn to or trust for the real story, and this is no exception."

1. Some say avian flu is a real and immediate threat to Canada. Others say people are justifiably overreacting. Which is closest to your point of view?

Real threat	43.5%
Overreacting unnecessarily	35.2
Don't know/refused to answer	21.3

2. How concerned are you that avian flu will affect some Canadians?

Very or somewhat concerned	78.4%
Not very or at all concerned	28.7

3. How concerned are you that avian flu may affect you or your immediate family members?

Very or somewhat concerned	54.0%
Not very or at all concerned	45.1

HAIRY WORDS Iran's new president, Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, lived up to his billing as a conservative polemicist, even by Iranian standards. At a rally, he reiterated the call of the late Ayatollah Khomeini when he said that "Israel must be wiped off the map." Ahmadinejad's comments were widely condemned.

4. Do you feel Ottawa is providing you with enough information on Canada's preparations to handle avian flu?

Yes	32.7%
No	47.1
Don't know	20.2

5. If Canada was affected by avian flu, how certain are you that there would be enough vaccine to protect you and your family.

Certain there will be	5.4%
Probably will be but not sure	31.8
Only somewhat certain	34.1
Not at all certain	34.2
Don't know/refused to answer	4.6

SOURCE: POLLARA INC., CANADA'S RISK FACTOR SURVEY OF CANADIAN OPINION

IRAQ Officials announced that the country's new constitution had been approved by 78 per cent of the country's voters. That word came on the same day that the United States announced its military death toll in Iraq had reached 2,000.

PROF THEM With the British tabloids full of speculation that Prince Harry had tattooed his girlfriend's name on his posterior, a sergeant at Sandhurst military academy, where the prince is in officer training, ordered Harry to drop his pants during a parade. No tattoo was reported.

SCREENINGS Breast cancer death rates plummeted 24 per cent between 1990 and 2000 in the United States, and a new study in the *New England Journal of Medicine* attributes 65 per cent of the decrease to the greater use of mammograms. New breast cancer drugs were responsible for the rest.

GOLDFISH RIGHTS Some banned round fishbowls because they apparently cause goldfish to go blind and become oxygen-deprived. The city will also require dog owners to regularly exercise their pooches, and prohibits them from carrying dogs' tails for fashion reasons.

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Mansbridge on the Record



A PRICE TOO HIGH?

Propping up the Liberals may not be the best strategy for Jack Layton's NDP

IT'S BEEN A FEW years since members of the press gallery and the parliamentarians they cover chose to end the "all the record" nature of their annual Black tie dinner. The evening of drinks and double entendres had always been one for the participants to keep to themselves. Sometimes the rules didn't hold, but the infractions were mostly innocent—like the year word leaked that governor general Ed Sheppard's speech had been so stupefyingly serious that the audience threw dinner trays at the Queen's representative. But by the 1990s, secrecy was a practice that had reached its expiration date, with many arguing that only underlined when looked like too close, too cozy relationship.

So, now, it's all very much on the record, with the outrageous speeches even aired on TV. It's a night when you see politicians in a different light, full of self-deprecating wit and, even more surprising, looking as if they like each other. This year's offering, just the other night, had Paul Martin making fun of himself by throwing some clearly unfattering photos, Stephen Harper lampooning his alleged blindness by saying he was the only person in the room who looks like his passport photo, and Michelle Jean admitting, very regal and in check, that she only got the job because she's "hot."

Which brings us perhaps the funniest species—Jack Layton. Playing the tune of *King of the Road* on his guitar, the NDP leader sang: "No principles, no guts, no spine/No tape recordings when we dine/Make us no offer we can't refuse/Anything to get me

into the news/You need bills to be opposed so let's move/Make me a deal."

Funny? Absolutely. But some may have found it even more telling that 73 hours later, Layton was sitting down with the Prime Minister, looking on as the deal that would see his party keep the Liberals in power. These may well be the best of times and the worst of times for the NDP. They have never wielded as much power, having this spring entered a real prize for Liberal survival by opening the budget. But now, as they know, they run the danger of overplaying their hand because, as exit polls suggest, the Liberal support is up, it's almost certainly at the expense of the NDP. Layton and his colleagues are looking despondent that collective soul—in their goal to achieve parliamentary power through the electoral process, or in it to have policy about through a deal that would keep them in bed with the Liberals?

It's a question that's bedeviled the party for decades. David Lewis did our social change by informally propping up Pierre Trudeau's 1972 minority government. Ed Broadbent might have been ready to talk but Joe Clark never gave him a chance by hanging in on minority in 1979. In both cases, the NDP was left to pick up the pieces after the election outcomes that followed—both Trudeau's majorities.

What would happen to Layton's NDP if he cuts a new deal? So far there isn't one—the Martin-Layton meeting ended in disagreement, and you have to wonder whether Layton deliberately set the price of continued support too high. The threat of a full election seems to have diminished, and winking until spring just might give the NDP time to establish a new strategy—one that focuses on attacking the Liberals, not supporting them.

Jane Mansbridge is Chief Correspondent of CBC's *Newsline* and Anchor of *The National*. E-mail: jlmans@cbc.ca

Passages

DIED Russ Parks, 62, was a scientist whose refusal in 1955 to give her seat on a Montgomery, Ala., bus to a white man ignited the civil rights movement. Rather than in a segregated state, Parks was arrested and fined \$10 plus court costs. But the fallout was huge: the so-called Jim Crow law was overturned by the Supreme Court after the young Martin Luther King Jr. stepped up to lead the city's civil rights struggle and the U.S. was changed forever. Parks died of natural causes in Denver.



WON The Chicago White Sox, supposedly cursed for throwing the 1919 World Series against Cincinnati, clinched their first title in 88 years against the Houston Astros in a four-game 1-0 squeaker, in Houston. The only run was singled in by Jermaine Dye, the series MVP, in the eighth inning.

RETIRED Amid continued speculation of a takeover or sale, EnCana Corp. president and CEO Gwyn Morgan, 58, announced his retirement in Calgary. The sudden move comes just three years after Morgan dispatched the merger of Alberta Energy Co. and PanCanadian Energy Co., that made EnCana the biggest natural gas company in Canada. Chief operating officer Randy Ercanbratt will take over the reins.



SENTENCED Former Toronto-based RBC Dominion Securities managing director Andrew Rankin, 40, received six months in jail for 10 counts of illegally bundling off work tips to a friend. The sentence for tip ping is the first of its kind in Canada.

NOMINATED Former U.S. Federal Reserve governor and Princeton University economist Ben Bernanke, 51, was named by George W. Bush to succeed Fed chairman Alan Greenspan, 75, who is retiring after 18 years. He received "10 minutes' courtesy" with Greenspan's inflation-fighting precision.



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ELINOR SLOAN

SECURE CANADA. OR ELSE.

EARLIER THIS YEAR, the federal government announced that Canada will not join the U.S. ballistic missile defense initiative. It was Paul Martin's Liberals who made the decision, but Stephen Harper's Conservatives didn't disagree. The consensus in Ottawa is that while the U.S. may be disappointed with Canada's choice, we're not really missing anything by being outside the rest on missile defense. That view is challenged by Elinor Sloan, whose book *Security And Defense in the Terrorist Era* will be released this week. Sloan is a former defense analyst who now teaches international relations at Carleton University. She spoke last week to *Maclean's* publisher and editor-in-chief Kenneth Whyte.

Let's start with the basics. Why does the U.S. feel it needs ballistic missile defense? What is the threat and how is this going to help? Well, it feels it needs missile defense against perceived threats that could arise, most notably intercontinental ballistic missiles from North Korea and Iran. These are missiles carrying weapons of mass destruction—nuclear or biological or chemical warhead. I should note that this is a reliable defense system that's qualitatively different from the huge Star Wars one that was put forward by Ronald Reagan in the mid-1980s. This is designed to respond to a few

missiles from rogue states, and then also perhaps accidental launches from China or Russia because Russia still retains an awful lot of missiles, some of which may not be very well controlled since the Soviet Union fell.

Canada and the U.S. have co-operated over the years on various security initiatives and management of our continental airspace. Was our decision to opt out this time a significant departure from past practice? Politically it probably will blow over but it is significant and there will be consequences

What will change?

In the past we had privileged access to information from U.S. Space Command, because we are part of NORAD. All of the ballistic missile detection systems and space surveillance systems to date are American. Canada has none. We will have a space surveillance network satellite called Sapphirine in the next few years, but otherwise there are about 25 ground-based systems around the world that look upward and detect space objects, and they all belong to the U.S., as do all of the ballistic missile detection satellites. We could now be cut off from all of the information from those surveillance systems. There could be ballistic missile launches on the other side of the world that the American system picks up and we would have no knowledge of it, as we had in the past.

Why wouldn't they keep us informed? We are an ally and all things considered, the Americans do seem to value relations with us.

They may simply decide there are levels of intelligence gathering they won't share with us as a result of our decision. And even if we're still receiving intelligence, there are problems with not being in the room. The nature of ballistic missile defence is that it's a two-way process: detection (intelligence) and response. Decisions are made very quickly. You're trying to detect downfalls inside—it has been described as hitting a bullet with a bullet. Because speed is imperative, it makes sense for the U.S. to keep its decision capability and its response capability in the same room, and we won't be there. So if there was a North Korean missile heading toward North America, the U.S. system would pick it up, and they would have to go outside the room to inform us of what's happening. They may already have responded by the time we get the news.

You cite a CSIS report from 2002 that said in the longer term, as proliferation of ballistic missiles and other weaponry increase, hostile states or organizations could strike us directly. And the Martin government's own security paper in 2004 made similar points. How real are these threats? Is it somewhat exaggerated? I suggest Canada should be under the missile defence umbrella?

If you can believe it, Canada has never done a threat assessment of the ballistic missile threat to Canada. At least, I haven't seen it.

I don't think anyone would argue that the United States is under a greater threat than Canada, but Canada's security situation is very much dictated by our proximity to the United States, and so if there's a threat to Washington, we, well, that threat's going to go right over British Columbia, and the United States will want to intercept it as far away from Washington state as possible, which will mean over Canadian territory, so we're going to want a role in that response of saying whether or not you go ahead and shoot that missile down.

In my view, the threat of a direct missile attack on Canada is low but real. It will likely increase in the future as these weapons proliferate. You can't put time responding when the threat presents itself. You have to prepare in advance. It makes sense that you be in on the ground floor of the defence plan.

You described our decision not to participate in missile defence as a blow to Canadian sovereignty. I think many politicians and editorialists read Paul Martin's choice as an assertion of Canadian sovereignty.

I say it's a loss of Canadian sovereignty for two reasons. First, there's the problem I mentioned of being cut out of information flow. I'm told that starting in 2009, Canadian officers have been asked to leave different destinations, are within NORAD headquarters that are specifically dealing with space because we've not participated in ballistic missile defence. That's information that could be of consequence to us, and that we could use to make decisions in our own interests.

Second, even if the information sharing on detection stays the same, we've said we don't want to be part of the response decision, so we won't have any say in where the missile comes down, or whether or not all of Canadian territory is covered by the missile shield, so we have no say in how Canadian territory is defended along those lines.

So, strange as it may sound, our sovereignty is best guaranteed by a closer relationship with the U.S. on defence and security?

The key argument is the book is that the terrorist threat today is different from any threat we faced in the Cold War. Both Canada and the U.S. are much more concerned now about securing their homelands against terrorists with weapons of mass destruction,

bioactive planes, or short-range ballistic missiles from ships off the coast, and those sorts of things. As a result, Canada's ability to secure its own territory is now of much greater interest to the U.S. than it has been in the past. If we don't secure our own territory, that creates a threat for the United States, and the United States will do this securing for us. We don't want that situation. I practically said that out in my book: "Look, take steps to secure your territory for the sake of your own sovereignty because if we don't do it, the U.S. will do it without us."

What does that entail?

We need to reconsider the balance between our missions overseas and our mission at home. That doesn't mean cutting back anything that's done abroad, because a lot of what we do there—rebuilding failed states, for instance—is also necessary to our security. We need to increase intelligence and capacity at home to the point where the U.S. sees us as having the capability to respond to a weapon of mass destruction attack on the Canada/U.S. border, or a nuclear

weapon coming in on a cargo container in the port. In my view, Canada also needs the capability to monitor in Antarctica—this is a big gap right now. I believe that we need a 500-mph rapid response force that can be deployed anywhere in the country in the event of a crisis, again, so the U.S. doesn't do it for us. Credibility and influence with the U.S. are really important to our sovereignty.

We're talking about a major increase and redirection of resources, aren't we? I mean, we can't do all that on the cheap.

No, we can't. But the government has maintained quite a dramatic increase in the defence budget over the next five or, I believe, seven years, which came out last February, so if you're argument is in terms of how those resources are allocated.

But you think the resources are sufficient?

If the defence budget goes up to \$20 billion, which is what they argue it will, then I believe yes, it's sufficient.

You're confident the budget will hit that level? No, that's another question entirely.

Are there signs the money won't be spent? Right now I don't see any signs of that.

You're going by history?

The 1964 defence policy statement that came out in April is a very, very good one. But I should note the 1994 White Paper on Defence was a good document, and the vast majority of what Canada said in it would do if that document never happened.

Is there a clear sense throughout the government—at the political level, of the policy level, and at the operational level—of the seriousness of the threat?

I think that there is a real recognition at certain levels of government—maybe not in the prime minister's office, I'm not sure. But at conversations with the CSIS director a few years ago and our national security adviser in April, they don't write in saying that international terrorism poses a real threat to Canada.

Is your perception that Canada's decision on missile defence is final and for all time?

My educated guess would be that at some point in the future we will participate. I say that because I think it will become evident that our decision not to participate is not in our security interests and not in our sovereignty interests.

Do you feel that our participation could be sold to the Canadian public?

I think it depends on who wins the next U.S. election. I think it would be more difficult to sell to the Canadian public at this particular juncture simply because of the...

Unpopularity of the chief executive?

That's right, yeah.

This is an awful question, but it's hard to imagine Canada mobilizing to co-operate with the U.S. on missile defence, or spend a full \$20 billion on defence capacity, unless something bad happens—either we've hit ourselves, or we've used as a staging ground for an attack on someone else, or there's a real mess. Is that your sense? I would share that interpretation. Horrified as it is to say, it may take something like what happened in London. P

PIPE DOWN, PAUL

Is this what the PM calls a "sophisticated" approach to our problems?

TIME FOR A POP QUIZ on Canada-U.S. relations. Name the prime minister who said, "It is hardly fair to rely on the Americans to protect the West, but to refuse to lend them a hand when the going gets rough." Those who didn't guess it was Pierre Trudeau, defending his 1980 decision to allow U.S. cruise missile tests in Canada, try another one. Back in the spiritless days, Ronald Reagan and some other leaders favoured trying to overthrow South Africa's white regime out of racism, instead of imposing tough sanctions. Name the Canadian PM who delivered this rebuke: "The way of dialogue is not making progress but is regressing."

and even hinted that he sympathized with the African National Congress's armed struggle. It was Brian Mulroney.

When it comes to the Americans, Canadian prime ministers don't always say what's expected of them. But there's usually strategy behind the surprises. Trudeau might have been hoping to bank some U.S. credit before embarking on his once-doing world peace tour. Mulroney was gambling some that he had earned by being as close as Reagan on trade and other issues. Now it's Paul Martin's turn to defy expectations—though he's done it so often lately that any shock has nearly worn off. Back when he was punting for Jean Chrétien's job, Martin promised a more "sophisticated" approach to the U.S., which was interpreted as code for soothing George W. Bush's hurt feelings over Chrétien's decision to step out of the Iraq war. Instead, Martin has taken to lobbying complaints, demands and rejection at the White House with a regularity that makes Chrétien's stance look positively demure.

Some Canada-U.S. switches duenna Martin's tough talk as posturing in the run-up to next spring's May 14 election. "Martin is going to continue with this line-jerk anti-American tack until after the vote," predicts long-time Canadian diplomat John Noble, now retired and a fellow at Carleton University's Norman French School of International Affairs. Given that the Liberals are



Condoleezza Rice asked Canadian politicians last week to cut the "apocalyptic language."

aiming to pick up seats in places like urban British Columbia—where anti-Bush sentiment is not unknown—that theory makes some sense. But say federal officials, not surprisingly, deny charges of prime-minister

MARTIN lobs complaints with a regularity that makes Chrétien's stance look positively demure

verbal pandering. They say Martin is no less strategic than his predecessors, and his blunt approach grounded on two assumptions: that the Bush administration's gratitude for Canada's contribution in Afghanistan gives him leeway to speak out on other issues, and that American elite opinion is more open to Ottawa's arguments than many Canadian commentators realize.

Both points are debatable. It's hard to gauge to what degree Canadian troops in Afghanistan offset Canada's absence in Iraq. And in Canada making noise in the U.S., Condoleezza Rice, for one, would like the Martin government to stop it. The U.S. secretary of state, on her first visit to Ottawa last week, asked Canadian politicians to lay off the "apocalyptic language" over softwood lumber. But why would they? Loud diplomacy about the U.S.'s refusal to abide by a NAFTA panel's ruling in the dispute has won high-profile editorial support, from the *Wall Street Journal* to the *Los Angeles Times*. On another point of friction—Washington's move to require Canadians to show passports when entering the U.S., starting in 2008—Ottawa finds itself allied with an unusual cross-section of U.S. politicians—a bipartisan group that even includes New York's Republican governor, George Pataki, and its Democratic senator, Hillary Clinton.

Winning over influential editors and big-name political figures can't be dismissed. Still, the White House is where Martin needs to show results. University of Toronto political science professor John Kerton says that, to accomplish this, the PM must search for "win-win" scenarios, figuring out where Bush would appreciate Canadian help—perhaps even offering to share Timbalu in the event of a flu pandemic. Kerton points to cases where Canada has worked before, such as when Canadian envoys made deals made between one with American duck farmers on the need for an acid rain treaty. "We need an approach," Kerton says, "that's more strategic and proactive." Or, as a certain Canadian politician once said, more sophisticated. **E**

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Politics | BY STEVE MARCH

FAILURE TO COMMUNICATE

Can a political street fighter with a short fuse rebuild the PM's image?

WHEN PEOPLE on Parliament Hill talk about Scott Reid, Prime Minister Paul Martin's close adviser and spokesman, the conversation invariably turns to a remarkable piece of television that aired on CBC shortly after the 2004 election. Near the end of the documentary detailing the ups and downs of the campaign, Reid is talking about the qualities that make Martin a great leader when his voice cracks, his eyes well up and suddenly he's struggling to hold back tears. "He closes none of that off to you," Reid says of his boss. "You get all of him, so you become personally invested in it."

In the world of politics, where everything is manufactured and packaged for maximum effect, here was an unexpected glimpse of a real thing, a man—a spin doctor no less—expressing genuine concern and to someone he believes in. Suddenly it all made sense. In that moment, it was clear why Reid has failed so often to protect and burnish the PM's image, and why he has survived his mistakes anyway. It all comes down to loyalty—perhaps too much of it, on both sides.

In the two years since Paul Martin embraced the reins of the Liberal party from Jean Chrétien, his reputation has gone from that of a seasoned veteran who righted the country's fiscal ship to Mr. Dithers—an indecisive, evasive plodder, more adept at avoiding confrontation than forming a clear vision for government. One of the main reasons for this slide lies on the shoulders of Scott Reid.

The problem, anyone who observed him at the Martin news conference who published bridges, and smash over it's not his problem when on his. Instead he's got Reid, a blunt, political mind and confident, whose response to hostile coverage has always been to fight back hard. "They're very good pit bulls, but when they need someone capable of doing outreach, they're not very good at that," anyone still superior of Reid will tell you.

This was really a problem before Martin became PM. "They used the press very effectively for years, and the press had them



Martin and spokesman Reid looking to shed his Mr. Dithers label

because Martin was always an effective foil for Chrétien," says one veteran political operative. "But then a shift that happens when you're the one in power, and I think they found that very difficult to deal with. The expectations for Martin were so high, his honeymoon was over before he was even sworn in."

That shift was more readily apparent at the November 2003 Liberal party convention where Martin officially took over. On the day before Martin's big speech to the party faithful, he agreed to guarantee his delivery in the main convention hall in front of a live microphone. In the crowd, a *Canadian Press* reporter wrote up the main points of the speech—a small scoop that would allow regional papers to publish the contents of the address before it was made. When Martin's team realized that their tightly choreographed convention was slipping off the rails, they blew a gasket. Sources say Reid, Brian Guesé and other staffers scrambled to kill the story. Finally, Guesé threatened the reporter, on front of stunned onlookers, that if the story ran he'd be frozen out by Martin's people. "It's gonna be a long, three f—ing years for CP," Guesé said. CP ran it anyway; the angry exchange made the papers, and a

new tone had been set for Martin's relationship with the media. The PMO was not going to play nice, and the press gallery was not going to play along.

The conversation continued was inevitably describe Reid as intelligent, with a major wit and an impressive ability to drink on his feet. But even those friendly with him say he's a misanthrope who struggles to control his temper when provoked. And over the past two years, trouble has hit others. One reporter noted a recording of a particularly uncooperative message from Reid after an article that he considered hostile to Martin. "You so ticked off I can barely speak," Reid said in the message. "If that is the way it's going to be... if you're going to treat us unfairly at every turn, I've got to tell you, we're not going to be able to deal with you. I want to be fair, but if you're not going to be fair to us then we're simply not going to speak to you," he seethed.

After the disastrous 2004 campaign that saw the Liberal majority reduced to a thin minority, reporters say the Martin team owns back more sensitive than ever. Reporters started grumbling about "bushy" behaviour from the PMO—subtle threats,

making phone calls—and the stories of Reid's misdeeds, and his tendency to "mismanage" the communications of other departments, quickly became the stuff of Ottawa scandal. "Their devotion to Martin ends up being manifested in extreme defensiveness when questioned," says one source. "They're all about winning, using guerrilla warfare if necessary," says another. "It just ends up making them seem insecure."

But seeming insecure to reporters is one thing. Stepping into the middle of ugly public policy disputes is something else entirely. Reid learned that lesson late last year when he led the PMO to war against Newfoundland Premier Danny Williams over the allocation of offshore energy revenues.

During the election campaign, Martin had promised a new deal to allow the province to take greater advantage of energy royalties. But after the election, he seemed to backslide, and Williams lambasted the PM, walking out of a first minister's meeting and pulling down Canadian flags from his province's public buildings in protest. In a fit of pique, Reid warned that Newfoundlanders "would pay for" their premier's intransigence, and implied Williams was being less than honest. With that, Reid poured a gallon of gasoline on Newfoundland's already smoldering fire. A livid Williams had to deal with Martin's trusted aide, telling reporters "another Scott Reid fiasco" had sabotaged chances for an amicable deal.

The PMO was forced into an embarrassing climbdown. Williams got the deal he was looking for, and Reid had to offer an apology. "Williams had Martin by the short ends from the beginning because Martin had made that election promise," says one parliamentary reporter. "It was in Martin's interest to resolve that quickly, and here's Scott Reid making that harder. That was the most significant misstep I've seen from him."

Most significant, perhaps, but certainly not the only misstep. There was also Reid's questionable handling of a whistle-blower's complaint of wrongdoing in immigration minister Jody Sigo's office in late 2004. Sigo was accused of allowing favoritism in the awarding of work to men and women associated with his campaign, and ended up stepping down from cabinet over the allegations. But when Reid was first alerted to the brewing controversy, he dismissed it as "gossip." The minister was eventually cleared of personal wrongdoing, but Sigo still hasn't



returned to cabinet, and Reid's failure to act on the seriousness of the allegations left the PMO exposed to yet another round of criticism.

Reid's relationship with the Ottawa media has been strained by critics

Reid also failed to see the potential pitfalls that surrounded the appointment of Michèle Jean as governor general earlier this year. The day after her installation, some Ottawa reporters began raising questions about Jean's views on federalism, and whether her husband was a closet separatist. Reid just scoffed, calling such questions "otiose" and pointless. Over the next few days, the Jean story blew up into a full-blown crisis, with revelations that Jean's husband, Jean Daniel Lafond, is friendly with former FLQ members, and that he made a documentary that seemed to endorse Quebec separatism.

Reid, meanwhile, said the PM would not "degrade" the new CG by asking her to affirm her commitment to Canada, and an anonymous person in the PMO—widely believed to be Reid—said such demands were "stalinist." Again, the rhetoric bore little relation to reality, and the PMO was forced to back down. Jean did affirm her support of a united Canada—even going so far as to give up her French citizenship—and the controversy finally blew over. But not until after the PMO spent a week fixing with dinner be-

hind the cover of Reid's bluster.

In some political circles, just one of these missteps would be enough to cost a spin doctor his job. Take, for example, the purge of Conservative Leader Stephen Harper's office this year, in response to his own series of usage problems and public gaffes. But things work differently on Martin's team. Martin is tough, but his tough streak is hard-won but not easily shaken, observers say, and he remains fiercely loyal to the circle of aides and advisers who have been with him for years. And, as Reid's years can attest, the team's loyalty to him is just as powerful.

That loyalty may hold the PMO together, but it also often leads it astray. A good communications staff must be able to anticipate lines of attack, and have responses ready for the opposition and skeptical journalists. But Reid and his team have been repeatedly caught flat-footed by opposition attacks. "They love Paul Martin so much they can't figure out for the life of God why everybody else doesn't," says one veteran Ottawa reporter. "When things happen, they're maddened. These criticisms just never would have occurred to them."

Lately, however, some have detected another shift, and an attempt to mend fences with the media as the Liberals prepare for an election early in the new year. Reid didn't return calls for this story, so perhaps he's already taking a slower approach. But many on the Hill still wonder: on his reach out to all those he's alienated through two years of guerrilla warfare? Can he avoid the land mines rather than always plowing through them and scrambling to repair the damage afterwards?

Don Martin, Ottawa columnist for the *Calgary Herald* and *National Post*, was one of the only reporters willing to speak on the record about Reid, sum up the challenge ahead. "The thing is, you can be a brilliant political strategist and still be a lousy communications," he says. "And I think we're not be a lot of work to do on the communications side."

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SECOND TERM CURSE

Like Reagan and Clinton, George W. Bush faces scandal and waning influence

BARELY A YEAR into his hard-won second term—the one his father didn't get—George W. Bush's presidency is being battered by one political hurricane after another, and it's getting hard to see above the wreckage. One senior White House aide, Lewis (Scooter) Libby, chief of staff to Vice President Dick Cheney, resigned last Friday after being indicted for obstruction of justice, perjury and making false statements to the FBI. Karl Rove, Bush's

chief political strategist, remains under investigation in the same case—the leak of the identity of a CIA agent whose husband challenged pre war intelligence on Iraq—the daughter like the sword of Damocles over the White House.

And on the eve of the indictment, under siege from his own conservative supporters, the President used undue in an extraordinary fashion to force a Supreme Court appointment. The normally staid Bush, known for nothing if not fierce loyalty to his inner circle, reluctantly, and by all accounts bitterly, accepted the withdrawal of his White

House counsel, Harriet Miers, as his nominee to replace retiring Sandra Day O'Connor.

Bush is doing his best to brush off the troubles. He has warned against "self-defeating pessimism," and dismissed the CIA leak investigation as "background noise" that would not distract him. "The American

people expect me to do my job, and I'm going to," he has said. Such comments draw a chuckle from Leon Panetta, a former chief of staff to President Bill Clinton, who endured his share

of White House scandals. "Somewhere in the White House there is a book that says to say that," he says. "Bush is saying everything that Clinton said: 'No, no, I'm not bothered by this, it's background noise.' " But the effect of such scandals is always "debilitating," Panetta adds. White House staff "are jittery and worried. You can feel the nervousness."

Bush may well be falling prey to the curse of the second term. From Nixon's Watergate to Reagan's Iran-Contra and Clinton's Monica Lewinsky, presidents have been plagued by scandals and controversy in their final four years that have overshadowed their policy agenda and shaped their legacies. The question, say those who've watched or been part of a presidential collapse, is simply structural.

On Oct. 4, Bush formally addressed the media for the first time since May

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—also are naturally less ready to defend a lame-duck president—and partly personal, in that second-term presidents tend to be overconfident. But it's true, they try, to see a presidency suffer in so many ways at once.

In the withdrawal of the recently ousted Harriet Miers, whose track record included statements calling Bush "the most brilliant man" she has ever met, the death of congressional support for the President's choice was even more telling than conservative opposition. Rather than lap dogging to his defense as they may have in the past, many GOP senators—some facing re-election in 2006 and well aware the President's approval rating has fallen to about 40 percent—initially reserved judgment, and then signaled to the White House that the nominee was either insufficiently conservative or simply too unqualified to draw their votes.

Replacing Miers poses another potential quagmire. Had she not withdrawn, wrote conservative commentator Pat Buchanan, Bush risks a "civil war" within his party. But more than he has backed out of that battle, he could fire another in the Senate. He engaged, organized and victorious, conservative groups are demanding that Bush live up to his campaign promise of moving the court to the political right by appointing a distinguished justice in the mold of Antonin Scalia or Clarence Thomas, the court's two staunchest conservatives. Some of Miers' appointments, including the group American Bar for Bush Justice, created by former Bush spokeswoman and Canadian, David Truman, went as far as to raise money to run television ads against her nomination. But to meet their demands may be to invite Democrats to tie a useful confirmation process by filibustering against a judge they consider too "extreme." Already Democrats are portraying the Miers withdrawal as a capitulation. "The radical right wing of the Republican party drove this woman's nomination right out of court," charged the minority leader in the Senate, Harry Reid.

The Liberty indicator is even more troublesome. It raises the prospect of a trial at which other officials, such as Cheney, could be called to testify. It would likely reflect public attention on the threat intelligence processed by the administration in the run-up



Bush's friends—like Miers (top right) and Rose DeBorja—have become political liabilities.

to the Iraq war—a project that became even unpopular as American casualties mount. "It's a terrible blow to have a prosecutor you can't easily avoid taking on top people in your White House. It cuts the moral high ground out from under you," says Norman

Macmillan, his dissonance—let alone departure—would deal an irreparable blow to the White House.

Add to all that such recent woes as high gas prices, mounting deficits, a fast-dragging response to the hurricanes in the Gulf Coast, and a legislative agenda quickly going nowhere, and the view from the Oval Office can only be described as "bad—real bad," as Democrats say. "There is nothing good out there now."

The irony, of course, is that this was supposed to be Bush's time. His first term in office was clouded by a contested election settled by the Supreme Court, but when voters brought him back into office last November by a clear

slam majority, his aides remarked that he had a new spring in his step. He had earned "political capital" in the election and was now going to spend it. He boasted. His White House had a plan to avoid the delivery of past second-term administrations. It included a high-energy campaign-style effort to promulgate ambitious policy agenda: the reform of Social Security, overhauling immigration, and rewriting the tax code, not to mention the march of democracy in Iraq. He turned over more of his cabinet than probably any president this century. His inaugural address in January chanted the theme he hoped would define his place in history: the "expansion of freedom in all the world." "It was among the most aggressive, bold agendas for a second-term president that I've ever seen," remarks presidential historian Charles Jones.

Now, Social Security reform is all but dead, U.S. casualties in Iraq have surpassed 2,000 in an insurgency that shows no signs of slowing, and Bush is having to scrounge for the



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trillion or even hundreds of billions of dollars needed to reconstruct the Gulf Coast.

There are several reasons why second terms are a political trap. "Number 1 is arrogance," says Panetta. "When you are re-elected, you tend to think there isn't anything you can do that you can't get away with. I've seen it. You get through a re-election. There is a high that goes with that and everyone on staff feels it. The American people are with you in terms of your agenda and what you are trying to accomplish. You think that somehow you don't have to be as careful." Certainly the appointment of Meese, who has never sat as a judge or worked in any depth on issues of constitutional law, struck many conservatives as the wrong pick of an overconfident leader who ignored candidates who had been groomed by the conservative legal establishment for years. Or, as Buchanan put it, "He walked down the hall looking for a woman."

There are other, structural aspects to a second term that make it a more treacherous one than the first four years of any presidency—beginning with consequences. "The policies that you planted in your first four years are coming home to roost. In the

Former presidents Nixon, Reagan and Clinton were all plagued by second-term scandals.

Historically, voters tend to punish lawmakers from a president's party when they are dissatisfied with his performance. Republicans have every reason to distance themselves from Bush at this moment. "It's not a question of him as much as everyone looking ahead to the next election," says Jones, a scholar at the Brookings Institution and a professor emeritus at the University of Wisconsin at Madison.

And then there is the term-limit effect: Knowing that Bush cannot by law re-sign, congressmen, interest groups, lobbyists and pundits are looking over his shoulder to potential accusations. "Even without disasters or investigations, you've got for the incumbent a less advantageous position," says Jones. For this, presidents have Franklin Delano Roosevelt to blame. The only president in history to win a third term—and then die shortly during the Second World War, Roosevelt served so long he became the second president since George Washington to appoint an entire Supreme Court. The fear of a longer dictator led to ratification in

other presidencies have shown it is possible to persevere. Despite the Iran-Contra debacle, in which his administration illegally sold arms to Iran to obtain the release of U.S. hostages and a ban, then illegally funneled the proceeds to rebels in Nicaragua, Reagan managed to leave office with a higher approval rating than he had in his first term. His White House drew lessons from the Watergate scandal and quickly appointed special commission to investigate Iran-Contra and pre-empt Congressional hearings. The panel issued its report before hearings on the bill were complete, and Reagan then fired key actors and brought in a fresh team. In a speech before the nation, he also accepted "full responsibility" for the activities, despite saying he was not aware of what had gone on. "The Reagan folks tried as much as possible to get on top of things, and to let come out alright," says Jones.

Clinton too was able to maintain high job-approval ratings despite his personal scandals (although his infidelities hurt the presidential campaign of Al Gore and allowed Bush to make "character" and "values" an issue and dignity to the White House election issues). And voters were content with a booming economy and record low unemployment, returning more lawmakers from Clinton's Democratic party to Congress in mid-term elections—a historical rarity in a second term. But while Clinton's difficulties were strictly personal, Bush's troubled variety of policy issues—gas prices and deaths in Iraq touch families more directly than an Oval Office romp.

Bush can take solace in the fact that history takes the long view. Harry Truman had one of history's lowest approval ratings—24 per cent in 1951, after removing Gen Douglas MacArthur from commanding troops in Korea, and resigned unpopular when he left office. But Truman paid no attention to polls and did not seek administration. As he put it, "If you want a friend in Washington, get a dog." Today, historians, political scientists and newspaper readers may find among the most admired presidents of all time—one to his difficult decision to drop the atom bomb on Japan to end the Second World War, create the Marshall Plan, and promote NATO, among others.

As he takes stock of his second term, George W. Bush can only hope that he doesn't have to wait half a century for his own chances to improve. ■



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ARROGANCE is one political trap.

When you are re-elected, you tend to think there isn't anything you can do that you can't get away with," says a former Clinton aide.

(PS) of the 22nd Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, limiting presidents to two terms in office.

It is unlikely to reverse Bush's political destiny—he has three years left to maneuver himself out of his troubles. Nixon may have resigned over his second-term scandal, but

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A SOFT TARGET

Hudson's Bay Company epitomized Canadian values. Turns out, that's been the problem.

Last Friday, American financier Jerry Zucker offered \$532 million to take over Hudson's Bay Co., making the possibility that the iconic company so closely associated with Canada's fur-trading history, will fall into the hands of a foreign owner for the first time.

Zucker was already the Bay's biggest institutional shareholder, owning about 19 per cent of the company's stock. Now he appears to be moving against a management team led by CEO George Heller, that has failed to move around the reader's sagging fortunes. HBC said only that it was awaiting the offer and would make a recommendation to investors in due course. But after suffering through several years of disappointing profits and stagnant sales, shareholders will find it difficult to refuse Zucker's offer of \$34.75 a share—17 per cent more than the stock was trading at the day before his bid landed. Peter C. Newman, author of the definitive history of the Hudson's Bay Co., considers how a Canadian corporate icon came to risk.

IT'S EASY ENOUGH to dismiss the bid by Jerry Zucker, the head of an American venture fund, for the Hudson's Bay Company as another example of a once-powerful Canadian corporation being on hard times. That removes the cold, bleak fact, but if the fall of HBC is the United as a state, the HBC, as Canada's founding commercial empire, has earned a fitting epitaph.

A passionate relic of the high afternoon of the British Empire and the oldest continuous corporate corporation still in existence, the HBC was—until now—the ultimate Canadian example of corporate Darwin-



The Bay's store in Toronto. CEO George Heller, CEO, Hypnotized by history, HBC turned historic.

ism. No matter what the threat, it managed to adapt itself to successive sets of drastically altered circumstances, weathering 333 years of war, rebellion, ambush, siege, bombing, bureaucracy and sports-chopping regimes. What it couldn't survive—and why it's likely to be seen doomed—in the onslaught of the 1,000-year-old of modernism, Wal-Mart's invasion of its home territory has turned Canadian retailing into a killing field.

The HBC's trading empire once stretched from the frozen shores of the Arctic Ocean to the twenty docks of San Francisco and westward to baking Hawaii. Its operational code could be summed up in one word: survival, a concept equally within the Canadian experience, since the country, like the Company, prided itself on nothing so much as past being there. Now, it will be reduced to a northern branch of an American capitalist's wet dream, a business that may be long, but to retail empire located across Canada remain prime.

The impending takeover illustrates the problem with survival as a corporate mission statement: it produced too numerous vari-

eties. Hypnotized by the extraordinary history of the institution they represented, Bay executives, led by George Heller—who's so deep into the HBC's mystique that his last job was planning banners on Hudson Bay—turned inward. The HBC became marginal to the retailing revolution taking place around it stores. It still opened more than 500 outlets staffed by 70,000 employees, but Wal-Mart and other come-bikes have been poaching customers.

MEMORIES of the Hudson's Bay Company are permanently woven into the marrow and the dreams of this country. Its nineteenth-century land holdings—one twentieth of the Earth's land surface—became Canada in 1870, when Ottawa bought them out. But what was most significant was that it spawned the country's founding elite. All those early firms and trading posts were really Company towns, demanding deference to the HBC's authority from inhabitants inside their ramparts and dissenting deference to nature beyond them. That orderly attitude—erecting collective survival instead of individual coolness—became the country's prevailing mindset. That was what differentiated it from the Americans. Their frontier, lacking any corporate godfather, thrived on nobody being challenged, not deferred to.

One expression of those disorderly approaches was the treatment of Aboriginals. The Anasazi conquered their frontier,



Eugene Melnyk is Bay Street's comeback kid. So why fight old battles?

Blackwell's stock has almost doubled in the past six months, and last week the company

This is clearly not yesterday's Boreal. All those pesky concerns about excessive pay, dubious accounting and a lame product line

Nevertheless, speculators circulated that "There-

There comes the time in every fight when you must consider the cost of victory. The way things are heading, the Doppel lawsuit will mean opening Biotech up to a discovery process that could travel through every corner of the company's history and accounting. It'll mean reliving the days when Biotech's strategy was a matter of duty (such a speculation), and deciding up questions about the disappointing profits, patient acquisitions, and the vague Biotech deal with pharmaceutical giant, Ciba. In short, it

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Chances are most casual observers have long since forgotten about Jerry Truppi, the ex-hilaric of America analyst who got into a very public spot with Melnick and Bernal.

Thrippel eventually resigned from BofA, and used the wall for label, for implying it was a cooked analyst with an axe to grind. McIntyre counterattacked, alleging Thrippel was involved in a vast conspiracy with unethical money managers, spreading false rumors to sink BofA's stock and make money.

by making this process as painful as possible for Blawie. Melnyk, on the other hand, can afford to make peace. He's the same guy who collected \$122 million in total compensation in 2001, making him Canada's highest-paid executive. It would cost a fraction of that to put the whole affair in the past.

Pass the weed, Dad

Parents are smoking dope with their kids.
What are they thinking?
MARNI JACKSON investigates.



Cover

"IT WAS A LITTLE WEIRD, seeing my parents stoned," Tom confesses. The Toronto high school student was describing the first time he'd smoked marijuana—at home last spring, just after turning 17, when he shared a joint with his hard-working, middle-class parents. "But I had an amazing, fantastic connection with my dad, and it was a good experience for all of us. They showed me how to take the seeds and stems out of the pot. Then, basically, we ate

My mom ordered sushi, and we made a mountain of nachos. It kind of felt like a rite of passage."

After his family initiation, Tom brought their seven joints of this stuff for a camping trip, "and that was cool too." But his new girlfriend didn't approve of pot, or him on it. "She said there was this separation thing that happened whenever I smoked." So Tom gave it up, even though his older sister had just given him a nice hand made pipe for his birthday. "But my other sister could care less about pot. Lots of kids try it and don't like it. I think it's totally individual."

Noelle, who maintained a scholarship through high university and has now graduated, grew up in a household where pot smoking was as casually present as wine with dinner. "Marijuana was so integrated into our social life that it didn't seem to make sense to hate it," says her father, a lawyer. "So we didn't. She began smoking pot when she was around 16. This was in the nineties, when the police were pretty aggressive about it, so we thought that it was safer for her to smoke at home than in the streets. And even when she was in college, these were definitely times when she and I would smoke a joint together. Or I might buy some dope and give her some."

"But lately, we've made some new rules. No smoking dope together. No tobacco in the house. We're rethinking things in general."

He pauses. "Yes, we were open about smoking pot around her. But was it a good idea? I don't know."

Noelle, now 24, says she's "always believed it was a good thing that it wasn't hidden or taboo. I've seen a lot of sheltered kids who got into it at 12 or 13, as rebellion. I won't understand till later if I wish it and thought, 'Hey, this is good?' It was relaxing, and fun, and it made you eat, which can be a good thing."

MOST PARENTS, of course, aren't strolling around the family being with their kids. They go along with the authorities who view marijuana as a drug with addictive potential that turns kids into over-matched, under-motivated, learning-impaired couch potatoes. But the 1.5 million Canadian adults who, according to the Canadian Medical Association, smoke marijuana recreationally might not agree. In fact, a recent Canadian Addiction Survey found that 630,000 of us aged 15 and older smoke cannabis every day. And among middle-aged Canadians, dope use in the past year has increased from 1.4 per cent in 1994 to 8.4 per cent in 2004.

Perhaps as a consequence of this on-going boomer bust, some parents feel a zero-tolerance policy with teenagers simply doesn't work and may only increase the

domestic drugs, ironically we tend to empower the drugs, rather than our kids.

Families have changed since the days of Father Knows Best (the sequel show today would be "Father Takes Best"). Many parents are veterans of the counterculture who did a lot more than smoke in the sixties. For some, marijuana was just another phase. Like black light parties. Others have grown up into successful, civilized, successful pot smokers who don't want to lie to their kids. They consider the moderate use of pot to be a relatively benign activity—and certainly better than drinking eight beers and getting behind the wheel of a car. Binge drinking, which has become epidemic among college students, can also be fatal, but no one has ever died from a marijuana overdose (although it carries its own health risks,

"When she was in college, there were definitely times when she and I would smoke a joint together"

there of pot. They would rather keep the lines of communication open, talk to their children about the genuine risks of individual drugs, and help them develop their own good judgment about drug use—whether it's tobacco, alcohol or marijuana.

Sharing a joint with your 16- or 17-year-old may be pushing it. Nevertheless, parents who talk about "drugs" and they're all the same, equating pot with more lethal substances like cocaine or crystal meth—a popular form of amphetamine that is widely addictive and blatantly destructive—run the risk of not being listened to at all. When we

affect driving ability, and has certainly caused repeated screenings at bad movies).

One thing is clear, though, regardless of whether their parents are strict or permissive, most kids will try cannabis sooner or later. By the time they turn their twenty years, the Canadian Addiction Survey reports, 70 per cent of them will have smoked a joint at some point—if not in the past hour. Among everyone who's tried it, 88 per cent smoke daily.

Tom and Noelle waited longer than most teenagers to experiment with marijuana. The average age of first use has gone down,

from 14.5 years in 1995 to 13.7 in 2003. In fact, Toronto's Centre for Addiction and Mental Health (CAMH) reports that five per cent of school kids have tried pot before the end of Grade 6. (Can the preschool doobie be far behind? Hump totem?) Twenty-eight per cent of students who've finished Grade 9 will have smoked pot in the past year. Roughly the same percentage, it's worth noting, have never tried any drugs, including alcohol or tobacco, and—before we get the hysteria!—47 per cent of Canadian high school students "strongly disapprove of regular marijuana smoking."

Nevertheless, cannabis remains the No. 1 illicit drug in North America. And its reputation may be shifting, as science uncovers new medical potential for the cannabinoids that are the active ingredients in marijuana. Last month, a *Science* study reported that a cannabis-like substance injected into rats caused new nerve-cell growth in the hippocampus, suggesting the possibility that marijuana might actually improve certain brain functions—contrary to its reputation as a memory shoddier. (It should be added that the rats were getting a drug 100 times more powerful than THC, the compound that gives marijuana its high.) A study published in a more issue of the journal *Nature* also suggested that marijuana may "more closely resemble an antidepressant than a drug of abuse." And, of course, the much-debated medical benefits of cannabis for people suffering with chronic pain, AIDS or multiple sclerosis are already well known.

Marijuana is also firmly embedded in popular culture, from the dis-green leaves featured on the cover of Willie Nelson's recent CD (hemp, of course), to the phenomenon of "bad penn" (coffee-table books featuring photos of dogs, rats, oozing exotic strains of cannabis), to *Wired*, the new series currently airing on Showtime. It stars Mary-Louise Parker as a freshly widowed mother who supports her family by dealing pot in



her upscale Californian suburb. ("But not to kids," she explains, setting the mood) high for the show.)

These outlets in large measure (her suppliers are a trash-talker's black family whose mother cleans and bags her product in the kitchen table). But it fits in the face of George W. Bush's \$35-billion War on

Drugs, which focuses many of its public awareness programs on the evils of smoking pot while largely ignoring the scourge of crystal meth use in North America. And it's one more sign that marijuana is not about to be weeded out of the culture any time soon.

Then in the case, what sort of films should parents offer, when their 13-year-old comes home from a party to announce—because they encourage the kid to be open—that he has just smoked his first joint? Of course, they turn off David Letterman, pour a glass of wine, sit down and say, "Don't want your smoking marijuana, sweetheart. You're too young." Then he says, with a red-eyed glare, "Why not? You do."

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CLASH | 35

a lecture on how dope trips concentrate attention and learning, and may not be the best thing for the lungs? Or was a mean joke and some Neil Young on the CD player?

THE POT (SMOKER) CALLING THE KETTLE BLACK

"When it comes to my own son, I'm totally protective—I've right into Ray Jr. Mad was serious," says Ray, a Toronto father and regular grass smoker who was introduced to hash at the age of 15 by his own, stoner father. (Note: not even the most nonchalant pot smoker would agree to be named here. Apparently no one, 15 or 55, wants to be known as a pothead—or smokes. So the names and some identifying details in these stories have been changed.)

"When my son asked if I smoked dope, I simply lied and said no," Ray continues. "But his older sister was with us. She knew that I smoked, and said, 'What are you talking about, dad? Of course you do.' But Ray's double standard is just fine with his son, kids don't necessarily want their parents to be cool. The writer and film director Nora Ephron once observed that if children are given the choice between a happy, gratified parent off booze-bonking in Hawaii, or a suicidal parent in the next room, they'll pick the reasonable, available one every time. The baby-boomer pursuit of pleasure and a pen name may have produced parents who resemble puffy-beary older siblings rather than helpful, bearded-at-the-door figures. "Even though in the real world, marijuana may emerge as uncool, grey juice," says Rob Glassop, a spokesman for the Wizard Institute for the Family, "one of the roles of a parent is to simplify their kids' world, and offer leniency."

Some parents are open about their dope smoking while drawing firm lines about drug use for their kids. Patrick is a Toronto writer, poet, parent and cannabis fan. He finds a joint in the late afternoon helps him write. "When my son confronted me and said, 'But you do it,' I said, 'Yes, I smoke pot, but I also earn a living. You are 12 and in Grade 8 and you shouldn't smoke marijuana.'" Patrick mostly outlives his habits in his workshop, but he has always smoked in the house. "My line with my two sons was clear. I told them, 'If you want to fin-

ish your education, don't smoke weed.' It tends to de-motivate kids regarding school. I know it brought out my own rebellion, and made me want to quit school and fight the system."

Patrick's relationship to marijuana goes back 17 years, when his stoner, then son, started his life. "The vice around pot smoke

dropping out of school, and he didn't want to. He's now in university, studying philosophy, doing well, and he rarely smokes pot. He's rather vague about philosophy now, which drives me crazy, because..."—and here the truly concerned pot smoker can be heard—"it's so damn natural."

But Patrick remembers his sons' drug



The TV series *Wreck This* is the face of George W. Bush's \$35-billion War on Drugs

ing was different: that, it was a more legitimate activity. I resented it in the house, but I explained to my stepson that it was an herb—not tobacco—that I had to smoke, for my lungs." He sounds a bit sheepish here. "So, yeah, it was a lie, but not entirely untrue on herbal supplements."

His stepson grew up to become a very conservative adult, and a non-smoker, but "surprisingly tolerant" of marijuana. "Cannabism became a kind of joke between us," says Patrick.

When he had his own sons, they both ignored his advice and took up dope smoking around 13. His older, Richard, then started dealing, he announced some violence, got robbed, and finally decided that the dope life was not a good one. "Although I do think he honed his business skills when he was selling," Patrick muses. "He was making good money." Gradually, Richard gave up dope. "He now has all his friends were

years ago" a worrying time. I was really concerned." And he's not alone. Parents worry about the dangers associated with the criminal aspect of marijuana—which is, after all, still an illegal substance, carrying a maximum fine of \$1,000 and/or six months in jail for simple possession. The government may be pondering the wisdom of spending millions on imprisoning themselves offenders when parolees' deaths seem to be every where, and white collar crime dies under the radar. With 69 per cent of Canadians favouring decriminalization of pot possession, according to a February 2003 poll, the feds have taken a step to acknowledging the country's dope use. Last year, they introduced a bill that would decriminalize possession of small amounts of cannabis. But it's currently sitting, with a Conservative commitment and it unlikely to become law before the next federal election.

As they step out onto their back decks to have a quick after dinner smoke, noticing that back feeling in their lungs again, parents also worry about the long-term effects of marijuana on a 13-year-old's developing mind and body. (Many experts believe regular pot smoking damages the lungs, though

ON THE WEB Should Canada loosen laws governing marijuana use and possession? Get your views www.cbc.ca/360

ENTERTAINMENT

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there's debate over whether it's more or less harmful than tobacco.) And then there's the school issue: chronic use is linked to declining school work and dropping out.

ONE TOKE TOO MANY OVER THE LINE.

Young people who have already smoked marijuana for a decade are discovering what some of their parents know—it is more habit-forming than its reputation suggests. Eric, who works as a fly-fishing guide near Vancouver, is 19 and has been smoking pot daily—except for the brief periods when he's tried to stop—for about seven years. He lives in a province where more than half the population has tried pot and many are regular users.

Eric's parents were both involved in the political upheaval of the 1960s. His mother once spent a night in jail for possession of pot, and, Eric says, "my father told me that he tried everything once, which I tend to believe." Eric's dad, Dennis, is now a criminal psychologist who is in favour of the legalization of marijuana—although he no longer smokes it himself, and deeply wishes his son would stop too. Despite his liberal perspective, Dennis views his heavy pot smoking among his son's circle as "madness only." Eric—whom his father proudly describes as a "beautiful, athletic, creative, sensitive young man"—couldn't agree more.

"I would like to quit, a lot," Eric says. "And every single friend I know who smokes heavily wants to stop too. Dope is okay in moderation, but when your life starts to revolve around it every day, it becomes like any other addiction. You lose your motivation. We're serious get married. And you don't get out of life what you could if you weren't around all the time. It was fun to party at 14. But the older you get, the more you kind of want to pull up your pants and get your life going. The quit a few times, but it's hard. I don't even have to go out and buy it—it all around me."

Bestselling American health and wellness



author Dr. Andrew Weil could not be called any pot by any stretch. And the 2004 edition of his book, *Four Seasons to Morphine*, is an unorthodox guide to a wide spectrum of mind-altering drugs. But Weil is very clear about the risks of habitual use: "Marijuana dependence can be sticky in its development," he writes. "It doesn't appear overnight like cigarette addiction... but rather builds up over a long time. The main danger of smoking marijuana is simply that it will get away from you, becoming more and more of a repetitive habit and less and less of a useful way of changing consciousness."

Elizabeth Redgey is a Toronto therapist and executive director of the George L. Brown Centre for Children and Families, which has a substance-abuse program open to heavy pot smokers. "The most important thing for parents to know is that marijuana is stronger than it used to be in the Woodstock days," she says. "People who use it habitually use it to soothe themselves, and



when they stop, they can feel agitated and anxious. It can really mess you up a lot. But kids are surprised to hear this—families aren't having those kinds of conversations about drugs."

DREAMS GONE UP IN SMOKE.

"We call them Jell-O heads," says Tanya, a 32-year-old photo-artist who lives in Toronto. "Boys who can't really think." She is referring to her 29-year-old son and his friends, who regularly smoke dope on the third floor of her house. "When they come in the door and go up the stairs, it's like having large order trays in the house. Everything shakes and rattles. Then they go up to

my son's room, and the music starts, and the laughing."

Tanya is a former pot smoker who now considers dope a "real time-waster. I wanted to many years in a hippie, smoking. But it was just part of the language back then. It was social, it was anti-authority, it was very fun. I don't see that with my son's crowd. They just seem sedated. They use a bong, and the drug is really clean and refined and incredibly potent—it's not the dirty weed we used to smoke. It doesn't give you the big fuzzy body more we used to get from dope. They just get high. I think it dumbs them down. The thing that bothers me is that he doesn't seem present when he's stoned."

"My son gave me some of his dope once," says Tanya. "I thought it would be a good way to, you know, talk about it. I didn't want to smoke, so I ate it, and suddenly my cyclops had no face—boom—I mean, I would close my eyes and it would just go on forever. When will that be over, I thought."

After some ineffective drug counselling, her son eventually cut down on his own. "Now he says he only smokes it to get to sleep, as a sedative." She laughs. "Remember when we thought smoking marijuana made us more aware?"

A friend of Tanya's, a Guelph therapist, has a theory about the downside of heavy pot smoking for teenagers. She considers it a "dream sedative. At the age when they should be generating their own fantasies and dreams, a drug

conveys that. The vision belongs to the drug, not to them."

SMOKESCREEN FOR OTHER PROBLEMS.

Maria, a handsome, athletic 22-year-old, went the whole nine yards with drugs and teen sex life. He started smoking dope, taking acid and snorting out all 4 A.s. when he was 12 and 13. He and his friends would get stoned and go chase stunks through the park in the middle of the night, until somebody called the cops. "If there was a rule, he would break it," remembers his father. He had separated from the boy's mother and was living with his new partner. The separation was cruel, and Maria and his

younger brother, Paul, were welcome in both households.

"My mother didn't hide the fact that she would smoke around the house occasionally," Maria says. "But she didn't glorify it. If you're going to have a parent who smokes pot, she went about it the right way. Kids are susceptible to anything that's hypocritical, especially in their parents. It breaks trust." But his parents worried about the effect Maria's behaviour was having on Paul. They asked him to honour one final rule—no smoking pot in the house, around his younger brother. When Maria broke that one, his father asked him to move out.

So at the age of 13, for almost two years, Maria was out on the street, couch-surfing at friends' houses and living for a time in a hostel for street kids. He quit school after three weeks of Grade 9. "We gave him money to buy solitaires, which he probably spent on dope," his father says. They stayed in touch, though, and finally his mother said, "That's enough," and let him move in with her. He went back to high school and graduated. He reconnected with the rest of his family, was accepted at Queen's and got a degree in anthropology, and by his late teens had lost interest in pot.

Maria now looks back on those years with hard-earned intelligence and insight. "As far as our family problems go, I think dope was more of a life lesson than the real issue. My pot smoking was an addictive thing, and my parents concentrated on that. And it did have tangible fallout—years of panic attacks and preoccupation and school. You know, if a kid isn't getting his work done, and he's smoking dope, it's an easy equation to make. But there's usually more than dope going on."

Poor parents—they always seem to miss the point. And what has become the ultimate parental sin now that pot is out of the closet? Smoking cigarettes. Maria also has a sister, Lucy. At the age of 11, she came home one night to find a dinner party in progress, and her mom smoking mother sitting back with a lit cigarette in hand. "She went ballistic," recalls the mother, "and after everyone left, Lucy came down and sprayed the room with perfume. It was a big deal—kids hate it when their parents do anything self-destructive."

So, a memo to all you law-breaking, pot-smoking parents: if you want your kids not to worry, just say no—to tobacco.

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High crimes and very high profits

Marijuana cultivation—and prohibition—has made a lot of Canadians rich

Ian Mulgrew is legal affairs consultant for the Vancouver Sun and the author of *Bad Inc. Inside Canada's Marijuana Industry*. His book is an eye-opening account of the nation's most valuable agricultural product—worth at least \$6 billion a year at wholesale prices—and a convincing argument for its legalization. Mulgrew raised eyebrows in the war-potato trade, including grower Charlie Scott and seed merchant Marc Emery. Canada's best-known pot cultivator, Emery is currently fighting extradition to the U.S. after his July arrest in Nova Scotia on American charges of

trafficking and money-laundering. With the proceeds of his retail empire, which Mulgrew calculates brings in between \$7 and \$3 million annually, Emery supports legalization efforts around the world. Scott, despite his ambivalence plans for expansion when the *New World of Legal Pot* arrives, keeps a much lower profile. *Excerpt*

AT 38, CHARLES SCOTT was a guru among cannabis lovers and he represented the first level of the business—the producer, the

Emery was arrested Tuesday for supplying marijuana to police officers in Nova Scotia.

manufacturer, the grower. Without people such as Scott, there is no domestic marijuana business. Almost anyone can grow marijuana, but to produce it on a commercial scale takes a modicum of talent, mental nous, technique, the best genetic stock and (in an illegal context) a great deal of

luck. Scott was an up-and-comer. He had spent nearly 17 years in the business, had amassed a broad selection of original strains and had garnered as much experience as anyone, especially



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on a commercial scale. Now he produced positively breeding stock and plants for medical patients.

"Every second neighbour around here grows dope," he said. "I run the local hydroponics store, so I'm not conspiring. Every second property is growing." He threw himself into a leather recliner in front of a computer. The household was in turmoil because his father-in-law was dying and his wife of 13 years, Lesane, and their son were by his side. Lesane was a hard-core pot smoker who smoked every day to control the pain and symptoms of spinal disease.

Scott's dark hair was flecked with grey and his blue eyes were bleary-looking from pot. He is 5'6", 160 lbs., pushing 300 lbs.—and his savage-looking scars on his leg from operations as a slave changed in professional martial arts combat. He boasts a fifth-degree black belt in jujitsu. His dog, Taddy, is never far from his side, padding away only to patrol the property. Sensors are placed in the surrounding land, especially near the greenhouse.

"They trigger an alarm. I'll show you." He touched the computer keyboard. The machine screamed. Beep...beep...beep...beep...beep...beep... The dog sprang out the back door emitting terrifying howls, barks and growls.

"The patients is electric at night when something sets them off," Scott chuckled. "Remember is ironic because of thieves and the infinite sensor going off. Freddy gets your heart pumping. You're up and racing through the bush in the middle of the night with a screaming. It's crazy around here. I'm on edge when the crop's ready. Sometimes it's rabbits and stuff that's just stupid. But you never know—people can be violent."

He bent to pet the bulging bear that trotted back into the room. "I'm buying another," Scott said. "A really exceptional dog from California, a purebred German shepherd, trained as crowd control, building entry, clearing. He's a psycho dog. \$8,000 US. But he's worth the investment. When I'm out of town, my wife wants it."

"Now it's a really business," Scott muttered. "There are a lot of shyters in this whole thing. It's sad. You realize it, it has happened to me. Two been ripped, robbed at gunpoint, had some of my property kidnapped

and held for ransom. I've been imprisoned, I've been beaten, you name it." In his mind, he is a persecuted farmer who would like to be left alone to rear his family. "We have to say that I'm guilty of being who I am—a redneck pot grower. Our kids, man, are our main focus outside of any work. And any work is in the garden. I just don't quite understand it, so I really feel quite angry and

He pointed to the surrounding bush. Every three to five metres, the scrub was infiltrated by a marijuana plant, invisible to the untrained eye against the overgrowth screen of alders, poplar, spruce, pine, oaks and blackberry hedges. Some were 4 to 5 metres tall with colas as thick as fingers. "You have to hide it and conceal it from everyone—from your neighbours to the police who are



Pot professors in Morocco: Emily provides financial support for others around the world.

better than I was thrown in a cage with other people and deprived of my civil liberties for growing a plant. I don't do anything else that is illegal—well, maybe I do since I trip out on some other shit, but I don't and I pay my taxes. I even pay taxes on seed sales. I mean, you know, I give Caesar what Caesar is due."

And the money is huge.

"We keep people off welfare," he said. "I put \$100,000 into this community just in clipping and labor wages. At least. That's conservative. When you factor the seed value, what it costs me to grow it, the whole thing, that's at least that." If pot were legal or if he could get a government license to grow a commercial crop, Scott would immediately need 40 full-time employees. "That's unskilled," he emphasized. "I'm able to employ a sector of the community that otherwise is unemployable. The community just made total sense."

Bygones over your house in Lethbridge."

Although Scott was pretty brash, his place looked like a pot farm. A cement mixer stood in the yard for combining the chemicals and manure. "I'm so happy with my compost this year," Scott bragged. "I went back to the old Kentucky recipe—nothing but hen shit. I'm using kennebec, peat, a peeling agent and a little bit of perlite, some dolomite lime to adjust the pH and it's just awesome."

Inside a large white greenhouse were dozens of verdant plants in various stages of growth. "This is sort of Research and Development," Scott said. "Full, there will be 60 plants in here. You're never going to get me for too much. My other grows are licensed by Health Canada. Right now it's not that profitable to grow indoors—why bother, my overhead is killing me."

His main market these days was selling to those who make globally recognized, brand-name products prized by hipsters everywhere. "Last year a certain celebrity buyer bought all our organic greenhouse pot at \$500 a pound over market. Our whole outdoor crop last year went to Laredo, Texas. To Willie Nelson. That's the one variety I have here with his name and it was done



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with his blessing, as it says in our seed catalogue. He told me that himself over the telephone. Then there's Dennis Rodman and a whole group of elite peckheads."

Scott figured any legal and regulatory regime would be good for him. "It makes more money," he said. "Between the 10,000 how to burn anything and it frustrates me and somewhat depresses me that I can't operate at the level I need to be profitable. Which is being able to do things on a mass scale without the prohibition boards looking over my shoulder. I just want to go where I can work." Scott said he could produce nearly two tons of sustainable bud a month, almost seamlessly, if it were legal.

"Somebody's going to rise above the rest and there's going to be one brand that will rise above the rest," he said. "I intend to be it. I'm not being cocky. I'm being practical. Just as a lot of Canadian-based alcohol companies rose to the top during Prohibition, I fully intend to do the same. I'm going to be in Am Krupp [Garden of Eatin'], I'm going to make more money because I'm not being criminal and the consumer is going to see a more reasonable price. That's how I plan to dominate—offering top quality cannabis strains from around the world. Nobody else can do it."

He bent to check the progress on a four-foot Ramblin'.

"I want to be the Seagram's of the pot business, that's what I aspire to."



Last year Scott aligned his indoor outdoor crop to Lirioth, Texas—in Willie Nelson

equipment and accessories for enjoying growing, processing or producing your own marijuana are available too.

For less than \$20 you could even select from an unbelievable variety of Hurly's Twins, magnetic, plastic garden guards to look like egg balls, eyeballs, rainbows, whatever. (The cute, useful novelty won first prize at the 2003 Cannabis Business Trade Show in Germany.) And if you're worried about taking a cruise out to work, a plethora of products

aloes, hats, pupes, pipes, magazines, grow chemicals, pot posters, mild psychedelics, gardeners, hemp food. At the back of the store, along with a display of museum quality opium pipes and drug culture artifacts, the Urban Shaman displayed a set of incense of magical, mystical and sacred plants guaranteed to give you a glimpse of psychedelic godhead: ayahuasca, Ecoga root bark, psilocybe, Salvia divinorum, yerba mate and exotic sage, along with other dreaming herbs and kung

Emblematic of the largest seed vendors, Emery's bin offered 500-plus varieties from growers and wholesale seed sellers around the globe, such as Solar Warrior, Solar Seeds, Easter Island Seeds, Cook Crop Seed, DJ Short Seeds, Australian Outback Seeds—the list goes on. Prices range from \$40 a 10-seed packet for some Jamaican weed to \$345 per pack for something better, like Marley's Goldie. Each plant, properly nurtured, will yield at least a pound of sensibler dope, worth up to \$2,500, give or take a few hundred bucks, depending on the market.

No one was a more eloquent, enthusiastic or eloquent salesperson for marijuana than Emery, one of the original financiers of Canada's Libertarian Party. The self-proclaimed "Prince of Pot" was a darling of the media. He had graced the National Enquirer, 60 Minutes, CNN, the Times of London and the Wall Street Journal. He converted nine local elections, his most recent a fierce challenge to become mayor in November 2002.

From his headquarters in the Rogen Building, Emery controlled the B.C. Marijuana



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"We keep people off welfare. I put \$100,000 into this community just in clipping and labour wages."

THE VANCOUVER neighbourhood that's home to Marc Emery's shop is known as the Pot Block for good reason. You can find everything from weed, leaf, domestic hashish that I think stamps the imported Lebanese or Nepalese that is also available, bubble hash and a spectrum of fusions, crystal concentrates to oils from Day Glo emerald green to deep purple, not to mention because the K. Narayan-squats that will fly you to the moon and spacey grooves that make eating roughage an entirely uplifting experience. All the accessories, ancillary

can save those anaemic cathartics, synthetic urine to substitute for your own (guaranteed from babies) and contraptions like the Whizmoor, which—well, it's better not to ask unless you need to know.

The Vancouver Yellow Pages features three pages of listings for hydroponic equipment companies—dozens, and a terri-fold increase in a decade. More rules than Burger King in the metropolitan area.

Emery's operation stocked just about everything the U.S. government deems evil—subversive books, hemp clothes, bags,

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Party, subsidized most major marijuana events around the globe, financed the U.S. Marijuana Party, published *Cannabis Culture* magazine, underwrote the Pot TV network, made the world's largest marijuana seed bank and kept his finger in a dozen other pot-related projects. He had not left the country in a decade for fear of ending up in a U.S. dungeon.

A recent fire added to Emery's cash flow worries and already high overhead. He provided \$2,500 for the Rome rally, \$2,500 for London, \$1,600 for Toronto, \$7,000 for Vancouver and \$20,000 for the Fall the 14th bush in Ottawa. There was the \$15,000 for a public policy conference, \$5,000 to \$6,000 for Cannabis Day festivities, and \$110,000 a year for the iboga Therapy House, a free facility Emery founded in 2002 that treats heroin addicts with iboga, a psychoactive extract from the bark of an African tree. That's not to mention what he provides in child support—and did he mention taxes?

"I just filed," he said blithely, "and for the fifth year I will continue paying about \$10,000 a month, also, in personal income

The man released the rest of the tale and grinned. "Sure was incredible," he said. "But, those are Vancouver Island," Emery replied. "Not Burnside F—ing Incredible!" "Yeah. That's it."

"Well, Burnside F—ing Incredible," Emery repeated. "That'll be gone."

"Do you guys do Canadian or U.S. money?"

"Either," Emery said. "How many?"

"I'll take a hundred," said the man, who owned a couple of duplexes and a pest-control and pest delivery service in Chicago.

"We'll put them in one of these," Emery said, holding up a tiny, ruffled cloth that looked like a thick credit card. "I always recommend mailing them to yourself. There's no ability for them to detect seeds in it and the package contains small socks to keep them from being squashed in the automatic rollers. You can carry them over the border, and I don't know of any customers who have had trouble, but it's always a possibility. You're going into America. Carry place, full of paranoia and what have you."

"So okay, a hundred Burnside F—ing D-

The Vancouver Yellow Pages has three pages of hydroponic equipment firms—a tenfold increase in a decade

me. I'm the only one who says he gets his money from marijuana. I asked them. They said, no one did. I didn't \$300,000 or thereabouts, which is pretty well what it takes to live in an apartment and support three of my four kids. There was now, and they take a lot of money."

Emery brightened at the sight of the first autumn of the day.

"Any idea what you're looking for?" he asked.

The American, his cheeks puffing with post, nodded.

"Remember the name?"

The head bobbed again. The man asked, "I'm going to go with the Vancouver..." He stopped, his head weaving slightly.

"Vancouver Island?" Emery offered. "There are all strong notions. Do you remember the name?"

credible, which are fabulous by the way, just wind up! You want to read that?"

"No, I think I'll just hang on to it."

"Just hang on to it, this paperwork before crossing the border. It's not interesting. You don't have to tell them what these seeds are; they could be any kind of seed. Don't see any point where they are marijuana seeds. Even if they find them, don't say they are marijuana seeds."

The American put the package in his pocket. "That's \$400 Canadian or about \$320 American."

The *Healey Night* in Canada (there song pierced the air. Emery reached for his cellphone).

"More speaking..."

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B.C.'s tunnel busters

It all began when a border agent noticed a drug dealer doing an honest day's work

UNTIL TRADING up residence at a Seattle-area federal detention center this summer, 34-year-old Francis Devandran Raj, like many Indo-Canadians his age, lived with his parents at their Surrey, B.C., home. His father has owned an auto-body shop for 30 years. Francis chose a different path. "It's not a stranger to drugs," says Pat Fogarty, an inspector with British Columbia's Organized Crime Agency, and the officer in charge of an aggressive unit of the province's Combined Forces Special Enforcement Unit. Raj had a criminal history for marijuana possession and immigration violations. Later,

deputies with the Canadian Border Services Agency kept watch, suspecting he might be involved in the cross-border drug trade.

In March 2004, he spent almost \$995,000 for a property at 16171 Zero Ave., in Aldergrove, just east of Surrey. It consisted of a dilapidated greenhouse, a metal Quonset hut, and a decrepit white clapboard house—all fronting Zero Avenue, a semi-rural road running along the shallow ditch that serves as the border with the United States. By late last year, the property was a hive of activity. Raj arrived by truck each morning with fellow Surrey residents Timothy Woo, 35, and

Jonathan Valarouah, 27. The house and the greenhouse remained in ill repair, but the two loathed enemies on the Quonset hut, where Raj told a neighbor they had plans for an auto-body shop.

They'd vanish inside most mornings, often loading lumber or tools through the hut's sliding back door. Evenings, weary and dry after a 10-hour day, they headed home, often loading away a load of dirt. Ironically, the appearance of Raj doing an honest day's work was enough for several border-services agents to approach Fogarty's unit last December. "Drug dealers don't do a lot of physical labour—that's why they're drug dealers," Fogarty recalls the agent arguing. "I kind of think it's a tunnel."

Fogarty considers himself a leader who encourages initiative. But, really, three guys digging from Aldergrove to Washington state? "I didn't believe it," he says. "There'd never been a known illegal tunnel between the U.S. and Canada. Why would there be,

with all that open border? The special unit, which draws from police agencies across the province, has a mandate to fight organized criminals and serious crime. It has more than enough on its plate without chasing dealers. The tunnel possibility might warrant a closer look, he told members. Come back with something solid if you want to take this further. And so they did.

U.S. authorities had discovered 13 tunnels under the American border with Mexico. They'd never found one breaching the border with Canada. Still, Joseph Giuliani, deputy chief patrol agent for the Pacific Northwest sector of the U.S. Border Patrol,

concluded also checked the relatively unfashioned southern flow of B.C. pot. "They're not going to go away simply because we make life difficult," Giuliani says. "They adapt. They adjust. They improvise."

This spring, U.S. agents of the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) and the Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE) pooled up worrisome intelligence from recently recorded conversations with a Canadian ecstasy trafficker. His spillover of a cross-border drug tunnel. "In particular, he said that 'they' was going to charge \$300 per pound of marijuana smuggled through the tunnel and that 'they' could run loads of

approximately 300 lbs at a time." A DEA agent later wrote in arrest documents filed with the U.S. District Court in Seattle: News of a tunnel big enough to move drugs—and people—"raised concerns of national security on both sides of the border," says

John McKay, the Seattle-based U.S. district attorney, whose office is prosecuting the case. Key questions went unanswered for U.S. authorities: What was the tunnel? And who was underwriting such a massive project? Who were "they"?

The closer B.C. investigators looked, the badder the tunnel theory seemed. A title search of an empty property at 1512 E. Boundary, across the road on the U.S. side, showed it had been purchased by Philip East Indriano. "Some crime group," says Fogarty. They ran through the options: maybe Raj and the others were removing dirt to install a concrete floor? Maybe they were digging a bunker? Neither made sense. The investigation ran ground-penetrating radar along Zero Avenue. It failed to show a disturbance beneath the surface because, as they discovered later, the tunnel buster to reach the road. Too small to be seen by the radar but, the doors stayed shut. "Nobody would like that," says Fogarty. Police needed a look



Scenes from the U.S. side for reality, U.S. agent Giuliani, the U.S. has centers, and the house that tunnel runs in Washington

maide. An opportunity came unexpectedly.

The diggers worked a day shift, so police on overnight watch were shocked not to see night to see a car pull up and a woman get out. "She proceeded to B and E the place, and actually took a number of tools from the Quonset hut," says Fogarty. Police were initially alarmed the break-in might blow their surveillance. Fogarty decided to capitalize. "We had her taken down by Abbotsford police," he says. She gave a vivid description of the inside of the bar. "It's kind of weird," she told them, describing a loading ramp, a heater and a plywood-covered hole the almost full size. They asked about all the lumber there. She'd seen on only a few wood scraps. They knew there were only one place all this lumber could be underground.

By now, the unit had shared its information with U.S. authorities, giving them the location of the tunnel. They held regular cross-agency strategy meetings. Starting on July 2, judges on both sides of the border approved a series of court search warrants allowing clandestine entry to the buildings and tunnel. "Wow," Fogarty says of his first

act. "Well, I was digging a wine cellar and mason-worm turn." There was the hope of finding who was underwriting the estimated \$80-million cost of the operation. "I don't think that was Mr. Big down there in the tunnel with his shovel," says Giuliano, "or even anyone closely related to Mr. Big."

Leaving this portal open carried its own risks. Agents missed one overnight, keeping constant watch. Could the tunnel overwhelm border defenses with flood of illegal alien drug? Could it incite an ethnic riot, swelled Giuliano, while terrorists quietly stayed in over the mountains? Could word leak as ever more agencies got involved? At one point, a seriously annoyed Fogarty warned U.S. investigators to back off. So many were driving by the tunnel area he feared they'd speak the diggers. There was really no need to get close. In addition to the bugs inside the tunnel, the U.S. Border Patrol had seismic recorders tracking in progress from ground level. The patrol also motioned an impressive bank of 32 video and infrared cameras along the northwest stretch of the border, each with

those hills "U.S. agents trailed the van, losing it in heavy traffic near Seattle.

More bugs followed the next day. These were loaded into a GMC van, and later handed off to a woman with a small child waiting at a mall in Beijing van. With Drug agents had state troopers intercept the van as it headed south, it had 42 kg of marijuana inside. Meanwhile, the diggers were cross-border shopping. They hauled several grocery bags through the tunnel to Canada. Fogarty, worried about what the bags might contain, considered a bust. Money from the drug deal was one likelihood, but so were the staples Canadians struggle on: a daily box of groceries and beer. Fogarty backed off. "The last thing I want to do," he told investigators, "is take them down for 12 beers."

Nothing moved the day after the van was busted, and then more bugs followed. U.S. authorities hoped they might lead investigators up the food chain. Fogarty agreed to shut the tunnel down. "My people are working 24/7. They're getting to work east of Porwanch, another 100 kg of marijuana!" U.S. authorities hit the Boundary Road house on July 20, after the men had popped from the tunnel with nothing more raucous than equipment to fix the broken on their van.

Ray, Wise and Videmusetti remain in custody. They've waived their right to a speedy trial, allowing authorities more scope to build their case, and their lawyers hire to craft a defense. Canadian police swooped in on Ray's parents' home, seizing \$32,290 from their bedroom. Police contend it was the proceeds of a drug sale. Ray says the money belongs to his parents.

Authorities won't say if more arrests are likely. The accused, meanwhile, aren't cooperating. Maybe a debt was being worked off. Maybe they were paid workers. It's not in their best interest to say, concedes Fogarty, considering the murderous nature of B.C.'s Indo-Canadian gangs.

Few involved in the case doubt that organized crime was behind the tunnel. Or that it was a tall operation with the potential to carry things far more deadly than pot. It shows, if anything else, the pressure criminals place on breaching the border. Organized crime has been "a little message," says Giuliano. "I've been in, we'll dig a tunnel. If we have to, we'll get a 747 and fly over you if we have to, we'll get a submarine." A submarine, he says, lightning on the challenge. "That's what I'm talking on."

One agent made a shocking deduction: 'Drug dealers don't do a lot of physical labour—I kind of think it's a tunnel'

look, "this is for real." His first priority was to get an engineer down there. If the tunnel could undermine the road overhead, it'd have to be a damn. Remarkably, the 1.3-acre tunnel was built to last, equipped with electric lights, vents and sump pumps to keep it dry. "They had reinforced all the walls and the ceiling with two-by-fours on edge all the way across," Fogarty says. "It was really good. I felt safe going in." Authorities added dedicated dominion of their own, bugging the tunnel and the U.S. house with microphones and miniature video cameras.

A decision was made to let the men keep digging. It wasn't just for the millions pleasure of seeing them toil in vain, though Giuliano disagrees there was some of that. "Psychology," he says with a grin, "was a bitch." If the tunnel was used for drug runs, smuggling the case would be much easier, says McKay. "We didn't want to face the defense

a range of almost five kilometres and the ability to gun and poison in an any across.

The tunnel—some three metres deep and 18-inches—was done by early July. It surfaced through the living room floor of the Boundary Road house. An arrest strategy was put in place. Fogarty denies the plan was to make the best on the U.S. side, where penalties for drug smuggling are drastically higher. The arrest depended on where the coast guard flowed, he says. It could as easily have been cocaine and guns heading north. In fact, the first loads, on July 15, were two hockey bags likely full of marijuana. They were wheeled south through the tunnel on a cart and loaded into a van. Fogarty believes smugglers saw the massive marijuana smelter as a quick source of cash. "They had blown the budget," he says. "This is why they were starting with marijuana, but they would have evolved very quickly to pay off

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The Cannabis Connoisseur

It's got to be organic, and if you're not using an \$800 vaporizer to inhale...

WHERE WINE IS CONCERNED, there is much to know. Even the actor Paul Giamatti, who played a wine connoisseur in last year's hit movie *Babeland*, reportedly didn't know that the cheese he ordered at lunch during filming would be real. Legions of drinkers pore over the subject as if fact-gathering to prove the addiction. And so it is with another of the world's most popular recreational marijuana. The average pot smoker may not know or care what

type of weed is in the dime bag, so long as it gets him lit. But others can't stop obsessing over every detail of the subject from, say, how to produce lush and bubble hash from plant debris (don't throw away those stems!) to questions about the Lammont room during the subsequent cannabis influx.

Chris Bennett is a Vancouver-based producer at Pot TV and an expert on the history of cannabis. Not only can Bennett differentiate by scent pot strains such as Blueberry and Tinseltown, he has a very particular

preference for the type of buzz he's after. And we're not talking potency here (i.e. whether it'll wake in THC or, at the other end of the mind-blowing spectrum, one of the so-called *polo ponies* as growers describe as "vegetative heroin, so strong you can't move"). No, what Bennett cares about is whether the buzz causes a "high" or a "stone," two very different things. Bennett doesn't see a "high" as a "bubbly amusable scent with lots of laughs and ideas," and as growth arrived at by smoking the cannabis subsequence. "A good working daytime thing," says Bennett. This, as opposed to a "stone," a more "meditative, focused, stiller mind," most often achieved by smoking the subspecies indica. Bennett prefers to get stoned. More specifically, he likes a strain of stone-inducing pot known as God Bud, which, incidentally, did Canada proud as last year's 17th annual World Cannabis Cup in Amsterdam, where in 2009 Bennett was named as a celebrity judge in the category of hash. Indeed, a God Bud from British Columbia took top honors, and reigns supreme as the world's best indica bud until this year's competition, from Nov. 30 to 28.

But no such less-than-acute or indica, high or stoned—the substitute of pot is

opening up like never before. Pot connoisseurs are excited. "It used to be all we'd get was this really dry Mexican shit with lots of sticks and seeds," remembers a Vancouver grower, who's talking over the phone as if he's high but who claims, in fact, to be stoned. "Dan" started smoking pot in the '70s, before the notion of grow ops and seed banks, and before he realized he could grow for himself a strain of indica as gleaming with resin the bud looks like a "crystal ball" and sells for \$2,000 a pound. Dan is passionate about growing. Get him going on genetic variation, and he sounds like a bonnet. Get him going about the time his Green String took third at the Cannabis Cup and, well, he sounds a bit fired. He can't remember the

notes and ultimately grade the varieties. "It's just a wonderful event so that people can understand how marijuana works," says Rainey.

As with the importance of strain in viticulture, pot connoisseurs care deeply about how their bud is grown. Dan, the Vancouver grower, explains that "hormonal and enzyme activities affect the taste, and it doesn't burn properly." Once Dan made the mistake of applying too much of a certain additive and the entire crop turned into a kind of non-burning "fire retardant." "A lot of people are growing 8 pot," he says. "If you're concerned with volume, there are a huge number of compromises that if a person wants to have the best tasting, the best smoking, the triple A pot, they've got to go the organic route." Dan uses indoor five-gallon pots under a maximum of eight lamps, eight being what he figures he can get away with before the hydro bill looks suspicious.

Then there's the question of how to smoke it. Connoisseurs swear even the lowest-quality



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FOUR DATES, ONE THERAPIST

Marriage counselling used to be for couples who were married. Not anymore.

AT AGE 26, Jessica (all names have been changed), who works in publishing, and her 33-year-old boyfriend Mike, a businessman, starting seeing a marriage counsellor at Jessica's request. Neither Jessica nor Mike, who had been dating for 34 months, were thinking about getting married or even engaged. They simply wanted to stop fighting constantly. "The therapist did help," says Jessica, who lives in Toronto. "He taught us ways to fight better, if that makes sense. Of course, we did end up arguing over who had to

pay the bill. I thought we should go 50-50, but he thought that because it was me who wanted to go, I should be the one to pay." The relationship didn't last. "We weren't good for each other," she says. "Therapy helped me realize that."

Sally, 33, a lawyer, and her ex-boyfriend Fred, who works in banking and who is also 33, went to a marriage counsellor after two years of dating. "Looking back, it was a red flag that something was not right in the relationship. It was his idea to go. But he didn't want to continue because he thought the therapist was siding too much with me," says Sally. "We would talk about a fight we had the night before and I think because he was seeing her individually as well, he thought she would have more of an alliance with her, which wasn't the case, and that made him even more frustrated and angry and harder to live with." After a brief engagement, they broke up. "I don't think helped us at all, but it was worth a shot."

Toronto psychotherapist and couples coach Catherine Wood says she has more and more overzealous couples making appointments to see her. "People have been scared by years and years of hearing about divorce statistics. They realize this isn't an illogical thing. They realize that that could be them," she says. Brian Zelt, a Calgary psychologist, agrees that couples dating today have grown up hypersensitive to divorce. "They don't want to go through that."

Wood charges \$120 an hour (therapist charges anywhere from \$100 to \$180 an hour) and couples come to her for periods ranging from three to 10 sessions. "It's always the million-dollar question—how long will they have to wait to see me," she says. The contentious issues are fairly standard: office, sex,



money, in-laws, friends, how much time they spend together.

One of the first questions she asks a couple is, "Do you want to get out, or do you want to work on it?" They come to see her because "either they've made a poor selection and chosen a person, or they simply don't have good communication skills with one another, or it's a combination of both."

Joseph, 36, and Kyle, 37, both artists in Calgary, were no couple therapist while they were dating. "We had moved in together and all the sparks seemed gone. I knew I still loved him, and I know he still loved me. But he started becoming how shall I say, way more friendly with another woman than I felt comfortable with. We broke up for four days over it, and realized we were both miserable. But I had that moment that it was my therapist who suggested we see someone. I think if I had brought up everything I wanted to say in time, we would have ended

up in a miserable fight." It worked for them. Three months later, they dropped. They've now been married for almost two years.

William Cooke, a Toronto-based worker and registered marriage and family therapist, says not more and more young couples are seeking counselling because the whole phenomenon of therapy has become "more of a resource, like having a financial planner, or personal trainer." But there is only so much a couples counsellor can do. "People will come in and ask, 'Is he the right one for me?' or wonder if they should 'stay in it,'" Cooke says. "That's not the therapist's job. The therapist is there solely to help them get the tools to figure that out on their own. We're not plumbers who can easily fix the problems."

More and more of his clients are also couples in their 20s and early 30s, not married and not intending to marry. "Another group that's growing is people getting out of relationships who see me before they get into their next one, so as to not make the same mistakes," Cooke says. That is 75 per cent of the young couples he sees, the woman has initiated the sessions. Couples in therapy, he says, tell couple friends who are fighting; they should see a therapist, and "that's why it's caught on."

Sally says she wouldn't go to couples therapy again. "It made me really uncomfortable. Especially when he started asking about our sex lives. I knew sex can be an issue, but the therapist was a man. I was like, 'Well, I don't want to talk about my sex life with two men!'"

Jessica doesn't share her opinion. "A healthy relationship is the most important thing in a person's life. We spend billions and billions and hundreds of dollars fixing our hair and our bodies," she says. "It's paid a few billion and a few hundred bucks on something that could have the rest of your life! What's wrong with that?" Jessica is still single. "I have to meet a guy I really like before I take him to therapy. I know I really want to make it work with someone when that happens." ■

TRAPPER CHIC

The Hudson's Bay Co. gives Canada's 2006 Olympic team a 'heritage modern' makeover

LAST MARCH, as what was arguably the retail upset of the year, the Hudson's Bay Co. signed an eight-year, \$100-million deal to supersede Roots Canada as the official outfitter to Canada's Olympic team. The commitment posed quite a challenge for the nation's oldest company, after all, Roots perfectly invented Olympic style in 1998 with the introduction of its Team Canada poor-boy caps in Niagara. (Based largely on their popularity, Roots later was ordered to outfit the U.S., U.K., and Barbadian teams.) But in creating its new collection, the Bay had a secret weapon: former Roots design guru To Ly, who joined the company in early 2005 to head up the Olympic style team. This February, when Canada's athletes march into the stadium in Turin, Italy, they'll be adorned in "heritage modern," an aesthetic perhaps best described as parti snowboarder, parti fur-trapper. Maclean's got an exclusive preview of the new 40-piece Team Canada collection, modeled by Colin Campbell, captain of the gold-medal-winning Canadian women's Olympic hockey team.

1. TRAPPER'S CAP

The designers considered using actual beaver pelt to line this trapper-inspired hat, but ultimately decided against it since some athletes may refuse to wear fur. Instead, the cap is made from tanned sheepskin and wool. It's meant to be worn with its flaps hanging down—but be them up, the designers cheerfully note, and it looks rather like a Moosonee winter cap.

2. TURTLENECK

The turtleneck is a piece of "classic Canadiana," says Ly, made for the cold, and designed for layering. This one is meant to be worn under the parade jacket that competition will don at the opening ceremonies. The Bay team opted to use cotton due to the large number of athletes who reported allergies to wool. The white panels under the arms give it an extra-sporty look.

3. FLEECE OUTERWEAR

The design team consulted with Olympic past and present and found that men are keen on the idea of gender-specific outfits.

In particular, female athletes want articles that accentuate their curves, like these form-fitting fleece pants. Available in light gray for women and dark gray for men, they're meant to be a departure from what the designers call "the floppy snowsuit."

YOGAWEAR (not pictured)

Playing off one of the most popular fashion trends of the past few years, Ly and his team designed men's and women's yogawear to serve as the athlete's warm-up gear. The women's set comes with built-in hood, a design element borrowed from the traditional Inuit parka.

4. & 5. LOGOS

The Bay's lilac logo (4), in which the H and B are blended together, is a reproduction of an insignia that appeared on a order's cuff that dates back over 300 years. The designers were struck by its surprisingly modern feel. The Canada logo (5), which appears on most pieces in the collection, is similarly styled. Ly says the blending together of the letters serves as a reference to national unity.



6. SCARF

The colour-blocked scarf incorporates the Bay brand's three primary colours which, as luck would have it, also happen to be three of the official Olympic colours. The combo made for "an instinctual choice," says Ly.

7. GLOVES

These six gloves—also available in the Bay's green, yellow and red—will be distributed randomly to the athletes before the opening ceremonies. They feature a maple leaf on the palm, "a nice gesture for athletes waving to their families at home," says Ly.

8. SNOWBOARD PANTS

These white nylon snowboarding pants were manufactured locally by a snowboard company in Vancouver. They have conductive inserts along the back of the leg and posterior area for a warmed look.

PARADE JACKET (not pictured)

The parade jacket won't be revealed until the opening ceremonies in 2006, but the design team says its shape will pay homage to the Bay's iconic upright blanket coat. It will be made of a high-tech nylon fabric called Cordura, and will feature a pocket for carrying an iPod.

9. SOCKS

Although these mid-hockey socks won't part of the official uniforms, they're a recommended accessory for athletes who want to personalize their look.

10. BOOTS

The designers wanted to create a contemporary version of the trapper's boot. This sculptural model—reminiscent of the ubiquitous Ugg boot—lies up at the back, and on rubber sole leaves grooves of maple leaf and "Canada" in the snow.

UNDERWEAR

Underneath it all, the athletes will wear official Bay thermal underwear. Ly and his team had planned to supply the athletes with Olympic pyjamas as well, but couldn't squeeze them into the final budget.

ON THE WEB For more on the making of the new Canadian Olympic team uniforms, visit www.hudsonsbay.ca/olympic

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Cartoon Editor, Maclean's

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ACTORS



SEAN CULLEN
Actor, Comedian, Musician

Sean Cullen's humour is a blend of street wit, sarcasm, innuendo and sexual material taken. He has appeared on shows such as *The Ricki Lake Show* with three times. *The Tonight Show* with Jay Leno and *The Late Show* on CBS. Cullen has many television comedy specials under his belt and is a two time Grammy Award winner. This past summer Cullen launched his own weekend radio show entitled *Simply Sean* on CBC Radio 1.



RUSSELL PETERS
Stand-Up Comedian

Over the past several years, Comedian Russell Peters' stand-up performances have electrified audiences on four continents. He has been nominated for four Gemini Awards and has been featured repeatedly at International Comedy Festivals. *"Stand Up Laughing"* Comedy Festival, the *Montreal Comedy Festival*, the *Edmonton Comedy Festival*, and a host of others across the globe. His 2004 Comedy Award performance remains one of The Comedy Network's most popular and requested shows of all time. Peters has been playing to sold-out crowds from New York to Los Angeles and has recently signed a sitcom deal with Warner Brothers.



SCOTT THOMPSON
Actor, Comedian, Television Host

Well known to fans as a member of Canada's famed sketch comedy troupe the Kids in the Hall and for his stints as *The Larry Sanders Show*, Scott Thompson is anything but your average comedic talent. Thompson is currently filling in for Khabibou Day. *Weekend Update* on NBC television and Logo TV in the United States. Some say Thompson is a stand-up comedian in disguise. In *Stand-Up* Thompson is *"The Daily Show's Scott As A Stand-Up Comedian"*.

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PACIFIER NEWS NOT SOOTHING

Here's what wasn't reported in all the stories about pacifiers reducing SIDS deaths

THE AMERICAN Academy of Pediatrics mixed messages recently when it issued new guidelines saying that pacifiers may protect against Sudden Infant Death Syndrome. The use of pacifiers for sleeping infants has always been controversial, both in families and medical circles—the World Health Organization says they should not be given to breastfed infants. Yet there was an authoritative body representing U.S. pediatricians, not only endorsing pacifier use at bed and nap time, but suggesting the practice might actually save lives. The Washington Post's "New SIDS policy recommends pacifier" was typical of the headlines. What wasn't reported was the fact that the announcement drew angry experts in several countries—including Canada—who have looked at the same data and found no justification for such a recommendation. Some even worry the advice could increase the risk for certain babies. Neither was it reported that three of the doctors working on the research pulled out because they disagreed with some of the AAP's conclusions.

Researchers have spent years trying to unravel the mystery of SIDS, which still causes about 150 apparently healthy Canadian babies to die unexpectedly in their sleep each year. Studies in several countries have revealed a number of factors that increase the risk of death, including sleeping on the stomach, parental smoking, and a family's low socio-economic status. As for pacifiers, the AAP headlines Oct. 30 recommendation on an anecdotal piece, to be published this month in the journal *Pediatrics*. U.S. pediatrician Dr. Jim Harkins. According to Harkins, four studies show that after "controlling for a variety of factors including sleeping position, usual pacifier use was associated

with a significant reduced risk of SIDS."

But other experts say there are too many unanswered questions. Dr. Peter Fleming, a professor of pediatrics at the University of Bristol and widely regarded as one of the world's leading authorities on SIDS, says researchers were surprised when they began finding that pacifiers were associated with a lower risk of SIDS. "It didn't make sense," he says. "So we asked more detailed questions." What he and his cohorts discovered was that the rate of pacifier use was similar for the group of babies who died from SIDS and matched group of healthy babies. However, among habitual pacifier users there was an increased rate of SIDS deaths for babies who didn't use a pacifier for their last sleep.

Fleming believes the pacifier connection with reduced SIDS death might have to do with the fact that infants sleep and breathe differently when they are sucking. Fleming and his colleagues videotaped 10 infants while they slept, and observed that while sucking, they breathed more slowly and deeply and had fewer episodes of minor obstructed breathing. All those factors could conceivably protect a child from SIDS. But the improved breathing was observed not just with pacifiers but also among babies who sucked on a finger, a thumb, or their mother's exposed breast. The potential problem with pacifiers, Fleming believes, is that babies who use them appear to "forget" how to suck on their own fingers or thumb. "My concern is that increased pacifier use could suppress a fundamental human behavior—finger or thumb-sucking—and we don't know what the adverse consequences might be."

Fleming feels it's too early to draw firm

conclusions about the connection between sucking and a lower risk of SIDS, and cautions that it's premature to give parents advice about using pacifiers. Others concur. Dr. Anne Choi, a pediatric specialist in respiratory medicine at McGill University Health Centre, reports that at an international meeting of SIDS experts held in Edmonton in July 2004, there was much debate about whether or not to advise parents that pacifiers protect against SIDS. "Many scientists and health professionals felt that more research information was needed," says Choi. "In the end, the only consensus was that doctors should probably not discourage pacifier use."

Dr. Peter Blair, a medical statistician at the University of Bristol, is one of the three experts who pulled out of the study. "We agree about some of the data," he says, "but we disagree about whether we know what its implications are. We haven't looked carefully at other possible factors, thumb-sucking. For example, I don't feel there's enough evidence to give carte blanche for pacifier use." Blair and his dissenting colleagues have made that argument into yet-to-be-published paper. But Harkins remains confident in his interpretation. Co-authored by Mackinnon, she said the strong reasons to the AAP's statement surprised her. "We are recommending that pacifiers be used for sleep only, not 24/7 and not as a substitute for breast or bottle-feeding," she wrote in an email. "We feel that our recommendation is supported by the evidence, and I cannot speak for my colleagues whose opinions may differ." □

John Horkman is a contributing editor and columnist for *Time*'s Parenting magazine, and a frequent contributor to *Time*'s health and parenting issues. Horkman is the author of the book *SIDS: A Parent's Guide to the Latest SIDS Research* and will appear in the February issue of that publication.

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PRIME-TIME PERP SCHOOL

The new crime shows do a good job of educating criminals and couch potatoes

A FEW DECADES BACK, when a medical examiner named Quincy ruled prime time and science was becoming a detective's best friend, burglars learned a useful trick. Before rifling someone's household possessions, they'd grab a pair of socks from a bedroom drawer and pull them over their hands. The idea was to obscure their fingerprints, but this crude ruse offered a measure of convenience, too. When the heat was done, the

thieves could simply peel off the victim's socks, leave them on the floor, and split.

Robbers still use the technique—with a critical difference: "Now they take the socks with them," says Itap. Paula Dierrie, in charge of forensic identification services for the RCMP, schooled by contemporary television shows like *CSI*, *The Mentalist*, and *Law & Order*, the bad guys are now all careful not to shed bangs, body hair, or anything else the likes of *CSI*'s Gil Grissom might nab with his forepaw. This use by low-

level microcosms of infatuation obscured with the flick of a straitjacket control may be futile. "Everybody leaves their trademark at a crime scene," Dierrie declares. But it says a lot about the reach of today's justice-based television. These days, we are all learning from crime drama.

That's not always true. While shows like *Martin Kane*, *Proven Eye*, and *Gravestone* draw big audiences back to television's infancy, technical accuracy was not exactly their strong suit. The secrets of blood stain analysis and

interrogation techniques took a back seat to the rather pedestrian storytelling methods thought necessary for mass consumption. Quincy can take credit for bringing forensic science to the small screen, but this show offered nothing akin to the moral and technical complexity of today's hit dramas. For that, you had to read a book, or go to the movies.

The latest crop of shows are quickly laying waste to perceptions of television as a vehicle of dumbbed-down escapism. Striving for verisimilitude and driven to reach educated, wealthy audiences, producers of shows like *The Mentalist* and *CSI* routinely dial up coroners, pathologists, and forensic anthropologists to keep abreast of cutting-edge investigative techniques (Itap, Dierrie, among others, has been consulted). At the



Producers of shows like *The Mentalist* regularly call pathologists and other experts to keep up on cutting-edge investigative techniques

same topic, writers for some of the more cerebral courtroom dramas are all but required to tie their stories to pressing social issues of the day—drug abuse, illegal immigration, terrorism or capital punishment.

As a result, say observers, prime time drama may be doing a better job of educating the public about justice issues than the news media. In a recent study of *Law & Order* episodes dealing with the so-called insanity plea, researchers at the University of Pennsylvania created the program with "moving beyond limited and stereotypical depictions of mental illness" to raise pressing questions about personal responsibility or flaws in the legal system. "We believe these programs have the potential to engage the audience in a range of important social and political issues," wrote Rachel Gamboldin, the paper's lead author. Other studies have declared the rise of "fiction"—fiction that draws on factual stories—which they see as an answer to the old-fashioned "documentary" seen in modern news.

Personal television has always held the potential to be more challenging, says Mary Macneaney, a media expert at Toronto's Ryerson University. "The bread and butter of the dramatic 60-minute television program is the nuanced experience of everyday life as felt by the characters." What's changed, he says, is the recent loss of objectivity. These shows "have another audience, an educated audience, whom they're writing to in many different ways. One way is raising the level of writing."

That doesn't mean the programs have a universally positive influence. Joe Bellows, a prominent Crown prosecutor in Vancouver, says he's noticed a bias among jurors toward scientific proof, versus witness accounts, since *CSI* and *Da Vinci* began airing. "There's a concern among prosecutors that you now have to explain a negative if there's no forensic evidence," says Bellows. "Sometimes it's actually necessary to lead evidence through Crown witnesses to show in a particular case it won't be possible to conduct that sort of forensic construction." Dr. James Young, a former chief coroner of Ontario, worries that TV shows overstate the reliability of certain forensic techniques, causing viewers to think of those methods as bulletproof. "That's a common error," he says. "Some of this evidence is more subjective, some more objective. Interpretation of hair and fibers, for example, can be a lot more subjective



A recent study credits *Law & Order* with boosting the insanity plea in a complex way.

In some cases it's more an investigative lead than something that should be relied on to convict somebody."

So faculty are prosecutors and judges complaining that a group of researchers at Saint Mary's University in Halifax is now monitoring what's been described as "the CSI effect," in which jurors render not guilty

EXPERTS cite a 'CSI effect' whereby jurors render not-guilty verdicts if they don't see any forensic evidence

verdicts if they don't see forensic evidence. Meanwhile, more troubling reports have surfaced suggesting criminals are applying knowledge gained from TV shows to cover their tracks. Car thieves in Illinois have reportedly learned to grab ashtrays from outside cars and dump them in the cars of stolen autos before they abandon them, thus creating a pool of alternate suspects. Some experts, says Bellows, now use condoms to avoid leaving genetic material behind (one in the U.S. forced his victim to shower after the attack to wash off evidence).

Most of the shows have piled upon their concerns, and some are actually warning

them into their plots. "I try to find the small details that would stump an investigation—what would I forget and why," says Chris Haddock, creator of *Da Vinci's Inquest* and the show's latest incarnation, *Da Vinci's City Hall*. "Yes, there may be an aspect in public knowledge, and that's great in terms of social issues and legal rights. But I think it's a dangerous shift toward thinking of science as our savior. We've seen too many nightmare cases where that just wasn't so."

In particular, Haddock tries to avoid the kinds of easy solutions that, for all their technical content, shows like *CSI* still rely on. When lab results miraculously appear within hours, or the success mobilize hordes of forensic professionals to expose the lying bad guy, he can't help laughing. "In reality, these are political decisions made along the way in many crime scenes," Haddock says. "Like spending on overtime for investigators or whether to spend thousands on lab tests. Political decisions to prosecute all the time, and I think that's part of the fraud that's been perpetrated—this idea that science is democratically applied."

His critique for oversimplification is far from risk-free. We're still conditioned for happy outcomes, or at least tidy ones. But today's TV audience is teaching producers to leave some faith, just as some inspired shows are overthrowing what couch potatoes have come to expect. It's in front of that box long enough, it turns out, and you just might learn something. □

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Get the hot toy now, and avoid the pre-Christmas rush to disappointment

WE HAVE ARRIVED at that beloved time of year at which retail enterprises, desperate to ignite the annual spectacle of frenzied consumerism for which Jesus was born, gingerly test the waters to see if it's too early to evoke the joy of Christmasian such a way as to warm our hearts with the timeless spirit of cheerfully paying the full amount of a consumer's suggested retail price.

Soon, representatives of toy stores and consumer groups will come forth to confidently tell us what the "must-have" products of the season will be. They do this because it behooves them before the assembled media and declaring, "Honestly, we have no idea what kids will actually want or like. If we did, do you think we'd flail about making crap like the Cheese Gooey or whatever the hell we're pushing this year? Seriously, kiddie battles and confuse us."

As a father, my impulse is to ignore such brazen hubris. Yet I also fear missing out on a genuine trend and spending Christmas Eve dreading from store to store, joining countless others on the Bataan Death March of parenthood—the Italian search for that One Obligatory Toy For I have looked upon the bleak faces of those who suffer from Post-Elmo Stress Disorder, the lingering psychological war left by the futile pursuit of that elusive Tickle-Me toad. And I remember the Cabbage Patch Woes—lo, my family lost slot of good men in that cabbage patch. Long story short, I went out last week and bought the toy that's currently getting the most buzz, and I gave it to my kids—a desecrated prequel strike against the Christmas Day meltdown. What I came home with was RoboRaptor, a voraciously controlled dinosaur that cost me \$129.99, plus tax, plus the cost of approximately enough business to power the sun.

According to its advertisement, RoboRaptor is "from the prehistoric past and the limitless future," a designation that must have assuaged fathers with children that the more accurate but less lyrical "from some factory



in China." The creature—almost a metric in length—is described by its manufacturer as "a fusion of technology and personality." And that's just one of the ways it's like Cher! It is also prone to randomly emitting loud and abusive noises and attempting to destroy things with its powerful robotic tail.

Opening the box, I laughed upon discovering a sheet of instructions on how to impale RoboRaptor. "Hi!" I said to my two young sons, aged 6 and 4. "What kind of loser needs instructions on how to get a toy out of a box?" Turns out it's the Me kind of loser. I usually had to fetch a screwdriver to extract the thing from its packaging. Then I had to grow sideburns and buy a new sports car to organ over a fusion of my last incarnation. You win this round, Mr. Chinese Factory Worker.

Given how RoboRaptor is aggressively marketed as an amazingly lifelike, I was expecting a creature that was only a cursory system of a real dinosaur. A hybrid artificial intelligence/personality? Whipping tail action? Realistic biomechanical motions? In that so? Wow, that's interesting, because I had no idea that 65 million years ago there roamed upon the Earth creatures who walked exactly

like happy bear from *Stinky and Hatch*.

One of the big selling points of RoboRaptor is that it has different "moods." In Hunting Mood, for instance, the creature will move forward sharp sniffs, if touched on the mouth, it will roar. In another mood, RoboRaptor will respond to gestures of affection by briefly nuzzling your hand and attempting to convince you that it's not a highly predatory and ruthless creature. I call this the Patsy Hilton Mood.

RoboRaptor was a huge hit with my two young boys—right up until it wasn't, a process that took exactly 20 minutes and ended with my oldest son, James, handing me RoboRaptor's control pad and saying, "Here Daddy, you play with it." A week after I'd bought it, RoboRaptor sat ignored in the corner of their bedroom, under a (no mind) hanging from one ear.

The boys loved the idea of RoboRaptor. And they certainly loved the look of RoboRaptor. What they were less keen on was the crawling and relentless howling of RoboRaptor. Besides, if they ever want to play with something that maddles silently around the house, howling when subjected to sudden loud noises and prone to falling over for no reason, there's always the

RoboRaptor is
"fusion of technology
and personality."
Just like Cher.

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FORCED TO SELL THEIR BODIES FAR FROM HOME

A new book by ISABEL VINCENT uncovers the little-known tragedy of Jewish slave-prostitutes

From the 16th to the late 1930s, thousands of young Jewish women from Eastern Europe were sold, tricked or forced into prostitution in Latin America, South Africa, India and the United States. Living in poverty in urban ghettos or rural districts, they fell victim to a gang of Jewish mobsters called *Zim Mijdel*. In *Winnipeg and Soles: The Tragic Plight of Three Jewish Women Forced into Prostitution in the Americas*, Canadian journalist and author Isabel Vincent describes their lives of hardship and eventual harassment from the Jewish community. What follows is an excerpt from the tale of a 13-year-old victim.

SOPHIA CHANVYS had never met a man like Isaac, and years later in Brazil, when she told her story to the police, she could still recall the smell of the lavender oil that he used on his hair and the feel of his soft hands caressing against her skin. But most of all, she remembered his hands—so refined and smooth, like a child's. In the street on the outskirts of Warsaw where Sophia shared Isaac's room in a church-roofed house with her parents and younger sister, people had working hands—rough, open, permanently chapped, sun-burned, and covered in hardened blisters.

Sophia's father had such hands, from years of working the fields, doing odd jobs, or collecting what he sold to local farmers. Already at 13, Sophia had hands that were rough and calloused from helping her parents. Perhaps she instinctively had them because her body when she felt Isaac's gaze upon her for the first time.

They got in Warsaw, at Castle Square, under the bronze statue of King Sigismund III, who stood defiantly clutching a large cross on a tall equine pedestal, overlooking steady row houses and the 16th-century royal castle. Congregating at the square had become something of a tradition for the Chanvys family on these frequent trips to Warsaw. Perhaps they considered this rendezvous beneath the king's pilgrimage to bequeath things would be different on the next trip to the city, but dad could not lose a lifetime.

Sophia said her family had walked the 15



The women in a red-light district in the tradition of young women being sold into prostitution in Warsaw.

cent roads from Warsaw. He decided toward Sophia. How old is she? Isaac didn't know any time. After years of training, he knew how to spot a slave's prospect. He knew to look beyond the rugged, Isaac's gestures and the little dog's eyes.

by the peasant girls. He quickly saw Sophia's attributes—the milky skin, the outline of budding breasts, the full red lips, the wings of heaven had pale skin of the dark herself. What lack to discover such a specimen in the center of Warsaw? How fortunate that his expensive new shoes and trousers would be spent the third night. "Eight rubles," said Isaac, barely containing his excitement and removing the money from his pocket. The amount was an advance on Sophia's first two months of work, and Isaac pressed the coins into her father's rough, sunburned hands. Sophia's father hesitated, even though

the money must have seemed a huge amount—the equivalent of a year's wages for the family.

Later Sophia recalled the stab of anger she felt as her father refused the handful of coins. For even at 13, Sophia must have been aware that there were few prospects for young women from the slums, particularly those on the western outskirts of Warsaw. One foreign writer had described them as "the most desperate concentration of the criminal dwelling place of poverty."

Sophia knew that girls from the street ended up exactly like their mothers and grandmothers. They seemed to spend a lifetime covered in soot as they cooked over a wood stove. They left their homes at sunrise to work in the fields, returning at dusk to prepare the evening meal, which many days was nothing more than a thin potato soup or cucumber and onions in brine

mixed with butter milk—if there was any butter milk to be had.

For a girl like Sophia, there was no escape from the same kind of drudgery. Her parents were poor, even by slum standards, and could do little to improve their lot in life. They could not afford to send their daughter to school. In the 19th and early 20th centuries, there was little in the way of education for girls, even among wealthier Jews.

"I may have to beg to feed my daughter," Sophia recalled her father telling the handsome stranger in Warsaw. "But I will never be separated from them."

Isaac refused to give up. He was a salesman and a hustler, knowing Sophia's father that he would walk over Sophia as if she were his own daughter.

Like any other daughter. The words might have sounded vaguely ominous to Sophia's father, but he chose to

help his fears to himself. Perhaps seeing the man's suspicious, Isaac had had him a card with his mother's address in Lodz. It was an open invitation for the family to visit Sophia whenever they found themselves in the city. No doubt, Isaac knew the sacrifice involved for the Chanvys in traveling over the shorter distance.

No, he would be safe from their scrutiny in Lodz. It was unlikely the Chanvys family would ever make the journey. They were so poor they couldn't afford to take the train or travel by car. They would have to walk if they wanted to see Sophia, and the trip would surely take them several days.

Finally, through heart wrenching sob, Sophia's father nodded his acceptance. Of course, he had misgivings—the kind that lodged themselves in the pit of his stomach and made him feel queasy. He knew it was wrong to hand his daughter over like this, even to this obviously refined, worldly man.

Had he heard the rumors of Jewish girls being taken into white slavery by fellow Jews? Young, beautiful girls like Sophia never heard from square? Was the stuff of urban legend, created by wary parents like himself who had genuine fear of the big city? Or was it another tall tale invented by the anti-Semitic authorities to dredge up hatred against the Jews—another ploy for a bloody pogrom? Did Jewish strangers really prey on the daughters of the poor, and sell them into bondage? It was hard to believe.

In the end, Sophia's father agreed to take the elegant stranger's money. Sophia was sold to a stranger in a public square in broad daylight in the civilian center of Europe. Deep in his heart, Sophia's father must have known that he was ending his daughter. Perhaps it was the dark realization that led to his wrenching sob during the negotiations.

AS THE TURN of the last century, even like Isaac's family belonged to a cadre of well-organized Jewish groups who scoured the impoverished slums and urban ghettos of Eastern Europe looking for girls and women



BOOKS AND SOLES Isabel Vincent's new book, *Winnipeg and Soles*, \$24.95

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would need to help him as much as she could, obey him without question.

Your liver, Sophia readily admitted to police that the reason she decided to go to Buenos Aires was because Isaac had promised to take her to his mother's house. How many times had she and her sister heard the twins talking to Warsaw? No one in the street could afford to ride on a train—not the rich, the storekeepers, or the cantor. She would do anything to ride on a train, and believed Isaac when he said they would be separated for only a few months.

When she arrived in Buenos Aires, Sophia knew instantly she was destined for one thing: to take care of her mother's house. She was told that her young life had become Isaac's. She was told to go to a place named Lido, where she would be a prostitute for the owners of the house. For more than a month Sophia worked as a prostitute for well-dressed and handsome gentlemen like Isaac, the man she still stubbornly considered her husband.

It's not clear how Sophia managed to escape the brothel. She told police that she was found out by the warden, the one who was to return to the street. She would have to tell her parents she was pregnant with her husband's child. There was no shame in that. But she could never, ever, tell them that she had been working in a common house, as a prostitute.

In the end, Sophia could say nothing about her ordeal to her family. The news would cause unbearable shame. But as she approached her old house in the street, her parents and sister embraced her, and all began to speak to her. They touched her hair, felt her new clothes, admired her shoes. Look at Sophia! they exclaimed with great joy. She's fat and so beautiful!

But where is your new husband?

At that moment Sophia learned that Isaac had promised her father that he would marry her when the old man moved up to Lido. So she took her back to the street. But was true, Isaac's intentions were good. But why did he want her to work in a brothel?

Three days after she was married with her family, Isaac appeared at her door. He told Sophia's parents that he had urgent business in America and could not possibly leave without his new bride.

There was no time for a proper wedding, he said. Could the Chernys family find

two witnesses, and could they meet in the street [proper house] for the ceremony?

Even though the wedding was organized in such haste, and would not be officiated by a religious leader, the Chernys family would not have thought anything amiss. In the 19th and early 20th centuries, such ritual weddings were common in the streets, poorer streets where rabbis were rarely present. The ceremony required only the presence of two Jewish witnesses, and was commonly referred to in Yiddish as a *stille chuppah* or "silent wedding."

Of course, this was very convenient for people like Isaac. Secretly, for whom the *stille chuppah* became a very important tool, allowing them to escape ignorant women and rob them of their civil rights. It is not known how many impoverished young women Isaac married in these "silent weddings."

Sometimes the multiple marriages got out of hand, and traffickers would find their wives juggling too many women. The authorities who arrested Isaac in Brazil said that it was not uncommon for him to return to South America from his frequent business trips to Eastern Europe with more than one wife. On one trip he "married" a

Polish girl, took her to Austria, and had her in a hotel while he used the same tactics to secure a local girl. He told the Russian wife that he needed to work in Austria to buy up property and to have a housekeeper for his home in Austria. Like Sophia, the Russian woman would not have thought to question the man she took to be her new husband. A few days after her marriage to the new woman in Austria, Isaac confessed to the Russian woman that in order to arrange the Austrian's documents, he had to marry her as well.

Why did women put such blind trust in men like Isaac? The answer is easily summed up in one word: America.

"In America, people eat on tin cans every day." How many times had Sophia and her sister heard their neighbors say that? In the street, oranges were rare, and reserved for very special occasions. But in America, everyone was rich and oranges were plentiful

Peoples in America also ate chicken every day, and had clothes made of silk. Following the ceremony in the street, Sophia returned to Lido with Isaac, who told her she would stay with one of his business associates—a man he identified only as Champagne—in Buenos Aires, a city on the other side of the world. The journey would take exactly 22 days by sea, he told her. Buenos Aires?

Did Chumpanik rape her on the ship? Did he hear her so that she could now walk away with great difficulty? It was a common occurrence among people who used their young "wives" in South America. About the ship, the men would at first calmly explain that once they docked in Buenos Aires, their "wives" would be expected to begin working at prostitution. If a woman refused, she was often raped and became an underwoman. The group, according to one police report, "undertook a system of planned demonstration on board ship where he completely changed his language and manner." For girls like Sophia who could speak only Yiddish, communication with any of the ship officials proved impossible. Like Sophia, most girls must have resigned their selves to their fate.

It's not clear when Sophia found out that Isaac Boorinsky, her "husband," had sold her to Chumpanik in Lido. Did Chumpanik tell her on the ship, during the beatings and her frequent crying fits? Or did he tell her when they arrived in America?

It didn't matter, in the end. By the time they learned immigration formalities in Buenos Aires, Sophia probably already knew she was Chumpanik's slave and would have to do his bidding.

Sophia eventually returned to Boorinsky and continued to work as a prostitute back in Poland, where her daughter died in infancy, and then again in Buenos Aires and the de Jansen. After years of beating and misery, at the age of 18 she denounced Boorinsky to police in Rio. He was not arrested until several years later. Months after going to the Rio police, Sophia died of tuberculosis.

Excerpted from *Isaac and Sophia* by David Margolin. Copyright © 2006 David Margolin. Published by the National Jewish Archives. Reprinted by arrangement with the publisher. All rights reserved.

ONE POLISH trafficker, arrested following the First World War, had "married" 30 girls, all of whom ended up in brothels in South America.

Russian girl, took her to Austria, and had her in a hotel while he used the same tactics to secure a local girl. He told the Russian wife that he needed to work in Austria to buy up property and to have a housekeeper for his home in Austria. Like Sophia, the Russian woman would not have thought to question the man she took to be her new husband. A few days after her marriage to the new woman in Austria, Isaac confessed to the Russian woman that in order to arrange the Austrian's documents, he had to marry her as well.

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THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Solving the mystery of a Canadian airman's death

IT'S NOT THE WAY Canadians care to remember their part in the Last Good War. On the night of March 5, 1945, the RCMP convinced 395 aircraft to the massive bombing raid that leveled the German city of Chemnitz. Weeks later, under the heading "Dach-Verunglückten" ("Killed by Terror"), the local newspaper was at least commemorating the 2,100 civilian dead. "Minutenlang" it was God's will that on March 5, we should lose our dear child, age 10, Charlotte Fickler—my dear wife with her six children were cradled on her knee, Helene Schneider, Ulrike Schneider, Altra Schneider—on a peaceful day have lost my wife, my daughter and my mother all at once."

The slaughter of the bombing campaign has troubled us ever since, and is one reason Canadians tend to ignore the fact it cost this country nearly 700. Almost 15,000 men, mostly a quarter of Canada's total war losses, died in the war. The Chemnitz raid took its share: 89 young men killed flying or fighting, brought down by break weather conditions, German defenses or friendly fire.

And one airman was awarded on the ground.

A day or two after the raid, a dazed Canadian soldier was being taken to the railway station in the small town of Frankenberg, 15 km east of Chemnitz, when several men in civilian clothing rushed out of hiding and beat him to death with clubs while his Wehrmacht escort stood idly by. Peter Hessel, a 13-year-old refugee from earlier raids on Chemnitz, was in Frankenberg at the time, no more than a kilometre from the murder site. But he didn't hear about it for another 59 years, more than a half century after he had moved to Canada. When Hessel, a retired Ottawa-area civil servant, did learn of the war crime in February 2004, he felt his unique position placed a responsibility on him: "I was right there as a German, and now I am a Canadian. No one else knew who this young

man was. I had to find out what happened."

The result of years of relentless investigation is Hessel's *The Mystery of Frankenberg's Canadian Airman*. In part it's an absorbing account without—Hessel had enough witness testimony the crime occurred, and to believe the culprits were prominent local Nazis, but identifying the men seemed at times impossible. Canadian war crime investigators had quickly given up after the war. Frankenberg was in the Soviet zone, and relations were already chilly. In the end, he doggedly following a single tenuous lead, Hessel learned that the man was Jean-Maurice D'Ami, a 22-year-old Montrealer. But the book is much more than an account



HESSEL WAS on the ground in Germany when 700 bombers at a time spanned the skies. From 80 km away, he watched Dresden burn.

of solving a mystery. The Allied bombing campaign killed more than half a million Germans—crushed in their homes, razed alive or asphyxiated. The flyers themselves were in grave danger in the air, as their casualty lists show, on the ground, alone and unarmed among their targets, they were helpless. Hessel notes that at least 45 downed Canadian soldiers were murdered

in Germany during the last 10 months of the war. The vast majority of killed were men in uniform, from Gestapo agents to a forest warden, who were following the lead of top Nazis like Josef Goebbels, who called the soldiers "terrorists" undeserving of the rights of POWs. On the other hand, Hessel interviewed num-



D'Ami was only one of dozens of Canadian flyers murdered in the last months of the war.

ous Canadian air force (CAF) who did survive the war, and they recalled being protected from angry civilians by German soldiers.

Hessel displays a rare understanding of both national perspectives. Born to an extended family of Nazi fanatics (his mother excepted) a year before Hitler took power, he was well-and-educated in a child. He was on the ground when 700 bombers at once spanned the skies. From 80 km away he watched the Dresden firestorm and worried about his relatives there. As it turned out, his aunt and two cousins survived the bombing, then killed themselves in despair the morning after.

But Hessel has been a Canadian now far longer than he was a German, and he honours the sacrifices Canadians made in destroying Nazism. He refuses to call the bombing campaign "terrorism." "The Nazis called it that, which is one reason I don't—they never called what they did to British cities 'terrorism.' It's up to the reader to judge for himself!" Instead, Hessel focuses on recent criticism, stressing it's time to acknowledge that "Canadians caused great suffering in Germany, and the Germans caused great suffering to Canadians."

Today in Frankenberg, entirely because of Peter Hessel's efforts, a plaque at the murder site—carved in English, French and German—commemorates that lonely, anonymous death, one among millions. As it unravelling on March 5, 1945, the story of the murdered man, met witnesses who saw him die almost exactly 60 years before, a step on Hessel's road to reconciliation. **B**



THE MYSTERY OF FRANKENBERG'S CANADIAN AIRMAN
PETER HESSEL
October \$24.95

IT WAS LIKE NOTHING WE'D
EVER EXPERIENCED BEFORE.

But it's getting ahead of myself. Like most Saturdays we wake early. I shut out for an emergency latrine run. We waited through the pile of weekend papers, finally getting to Saturday. I worked an ad for a play we liked. At a place called Theatre in the Woods. Seemed different. We called to make reservations. A guy named Felton said as they only play to five people at a time and we were the fifth. He seemed a bit odd, but we were up for an adventure. First we had a car accident to me. Before last night's movie, Chad. Pick up the script from the airplane. Chad. My vegetable and extra-old shoulder from the actor's mouth. Chad. We were eager to leave the city behind for the day so we hit the highway early. We drove with the windows down, fresh air and highway was washing away the work week. Stopped at a garage sale.

Found up a mirror and rocking chair. Stopped at a village bakery. Picked up the best butter tart in town. Stopped to take photos of an ancient village here. Finally, after passing it three times, we found the turn-off Felton had described. We followed the narrow dirt road as it wound through the woods. The sun was almost down. A hood was getting a bit late. It was

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EVER EXPERIENCED BEFORE.

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THE LOOKING-GLASS WAR

Jarhead tracks America's first clumsy steps into the quicksand of Iraq

IT'S THE SPRING of 1991 in the Kuwaiti desert, and it's raining oil. The night is lit up by monstrous geyzers of flame from wells set ablaze by Saddam Hussein's retreating troops. On the blacked-out sand, an American Marine, his face drenched in oil, looks up as a U.S. helicopter passes overhead blaring the Dozer's Break-De Through (To the Other Side) from loudspeakers. "That's Vietnam music!" he screams. "Can't we get our own f—er music?" That's one of the many dark comic asides in *Jarhead*, a movie about a war that fails to behave the way wars are supposed to. The Vietnam adventure—or at least covers

about it—has burned a mythic soundtrack onto our image of combat. We expect war to unfold in a kind of cinematic rock opera.

An early scene in *Jarhead*, before the Marines ship out to the Persian Gulf War, shows them packed into a hall watching *Apocalypse Now*. Like a happy congregation at a cult viewing of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, they sing along to *End of the Valley* as the remnants of Indianapola rapulate a Vietnamese village. The irony is perverse—that an anti-war epic about Vietnam should serve to rally the troops for a new war. And it seems unlikely such a scene ever took place. It's war memorized in the non-book book on which *Jarhead* is quite faithfully based—Anthony Swofford's memoir of being assigned to the Gulf as a Marine sniper at age 20.

But bear in mind that the film was made by a film with a flair for the theatrical, American Beauty director Sam Mendes. And his theme of war is heavily served with domestic references. A soldier pops in a video of *The Deer Hunter* that he's received from home, then is humbled to see it's been taped over with footage of his wife hugging sex with a neighbor. There's a desert encounter with enemy bombers that's right out of *Lawrence of Arabia*. And when it's raining oil, a soldier conveniently quotes James Dean in *Giant*.

Jarhead is a war movie that's acutely conscious of its own significance. Although it deals with a lethal, unambiguous mission that occurred 15 years ago, it's a tale of hubris, about a mythic victory that drew America into the quicksand of its current Iraq nightmare. To that extent, as a movie portraying a war that's still being fought, it feels unprecedented. Usually, Hollywood likes to wait for the dust to settle. But *Jarhead* is a

far cry from a Pentagon co-production. Mendes made it without any on-screen from the U.S. military—apparently you can privately rent F-15 fighter jets.

In his narration, Swofford (Jake Gyllenhaal) declares, "Every war is different. Every war is the same." That could also be said of war movies. *Apocalypse Now*, *Platoon*, *Full Metal Jacket*, *The Thin Red Line*, *Black Hawk Down*—over since Vietnam, serious combat films have had to navigate the mine moral minefield—dodging a violent spectacle of brothers in some whole brooding on the insanity of being at war in the first place. Every war movie is now a beat chase-attack rompage they don't belong, asking why am I here? In *Jarhead*, that begins right from boot camp, when the night-squad drill sergeant (Ray's Jackie Fox)

finds Swofford, the sensitive Marine, sitting on the jute reading *Onion*'s entertainment classic, *The Stranger*.

Jarhead is about the frustration of waiting for war that won't start. This war is not hell, it's purgatory, the tension of unaccompanied footplay. Trying to kick some Iraqi ass, the Marines spend five months waiting in the desert heat. They play football in full combat gear and you watch for a TV photo op. They drink gallons of water. They masturbate. They snicker on scorpion fights. They struggle with malfunctioning gear. Brevets fry in wires and grillfires betray them back home. The shooting doesn't start until two thirds into the film, and then the Marines are hit by friendly fire from U.S. jets. Disenfranchised by the war, they are left to nurse the aftermath, a Pompeii seas of bombed vehicles and charred bodies.

With high-caliber performances from Gyllenhaal, Fox and Peter Sarsgaard (a fellow Marine), *Jarhead* unfolds as powerful character drama. But it's also a protest movie on an urgent mission. As its hero confides, in one scene cranked the point, "We are still in the desert."



Gyllenhaal plays a Marine sniper stuck in a desert outpost where war is purgatory, not hell

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PUNISHING THE INNOCENT

A documentary exposes Quebec's scandalous treatment of abused children

THERE'S A MACABRE realism in *Thieves of Innocence*, a devastating new film from Quebec about abused children who are abandoned to foster homes and called upon "protection." It's an archival clip of broadcaster Guy Cloutier—now a convicted pedophile—once telling 11-year-old child star Nathalie Simard on her TV show, asking her if she's "in love with anyone." Cut to the adult Simard, now 32, recalling the terror of serving as Cloutier's sexual play thing. *Thieves of Innocence* is a documentary that plays like a horror movie. With riveting testimony from abuse victims, and creepy deconstructions, it delivers a well-earned punch to the solar plexus. And it has created a sensation in Quebec, where it has outstripped the Hollywood competition, grossing \$1.4 million in just two weeks—almost double its budget.

Thieves of Innocence was conceived by Denise Robert, who produced *The Barbarian* documentary for her partner, Denis Arcand. That was an Oscar, yet she calls *Thieves* "the most important film of my career." In director, Paul Arcand (no relation), a respected radio and TV journalist with no filmmaking experience, shows he has the nerve and tenacity of a Québécois Michael Moore, although he says off-camera that of the time. The first

under Quebec government's youth protection are treated like criminals, and are often worse off than their jailed abusers.



With dramatizations and riveting testimony, *Thieves* plays like a non-fiction horror movie.

part of the documentary plays like a real life, no joke version of *The Aristocats*, as victims describe family scenarios of rape, torture, starvation, education, confinement and sexual violence. Then the film moves on to its main agenda, showing how the 25,000 children

under Quebec government's youth protection are treated like criminals, and are often worse off than their jailed abusers.

The camera cuts from a pedophile's well-appointed cell to a child's squalid room in a youth centre. The center is treated with therapy and co-educational visits, while the child is neglected by an understaffed bureaucracy, then thrown into the streets at 18. At one point, Arcand drags Quebec's minister of youth services, Margaret Delisle, into one of these squalid confinement cells in a youth centre. Grilling her about why victims of child abuse are locked up for hours on end, the director shuts the door. Viciously uncomfortable, the minister waves out after about a minute.

With unabashed bias, *Thieves of Innocence* pushes all the buttons, from its opening shot of Marc Lévesque making a speech about child protection, to the heart-rending ballet by Simard that scars over the end credits. In Quebec, the film has reached a nerve. But in this necessary documentary burns through walls of language and culture, it makes you wonder if things are any better in the rest of Canada. **B**

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Music | J.D.'s long been making his fortune off of dead rockers

A.J. Fortune has a history with dead rock stars. When he was 25, he paid the rent by impersonating *Elvis*, says the new front man of *JADE*, a title he won last month on the TV reality series, *Rock Star, JADE*. "I started off doing *Buddy Holly* at small gigs, before he was asked one night to try *Elvis*. Next thing I know, I had a black leather jacket and was singing 'Thank you very much' in Vegas as part of a legends' show."

Though a skilled imitator, Fortune made every effort when recording *JADE*'s new album, *Switch*, to not copy the

style of the late Michael Hutchence (the Australian band's original singer, who killed himself in 1987). The 32-year-old is fully aware of the media circus that surrounds him—starting with the CD release on Nov. 28 and the band's upcoming world tour, so he decided to split his last couple of weeks out of the spotlight at his dad's home in Okaville, Ont., and his mother's farm in Salt Springs, N.S. "I'm just going to get stoned," he says, "and watch cattle." Sounds like Fortune has had some good rock star training. **JOHN INTINI**

Fortune channelled the King and Buddy Holly before his *JADE* gig

Visit the *Mr. Sparky* book-toy book to check out *Pinchy* kugles, the first new music video by *JADE* (see page 31, above).

www.jade.ca/cover/p31.html

Hobby | The art of foot cubing

Craig Bradward doesn't go anywhere without his bag of Rubik's cubes. "I keep about 17 cubes with me at all times," says the Grade 11 student from Kingston, Ont., who picked up cubing this summer—and is one of four Canadians heading to Lake Buena Vista, Fla., for the Rubik's World Championships (Nov. 5-13). While there, he plans to test more than just his hands and mind. "I've been getting pretty good with my feet!" says Bradward, who averages five minutes per solve with his feet (his personal best using his hands is 24.5 seconds). "You do it barefoot to use your toes."

All the challenges—which boast \$500,000 in prize money—include foot-solving, blindfolded and one-handed, as well as the more traditional speed competitions (with 3-by-3, 4-by-4, and 5-by-5 cubes). This Rubik's subculture is growing rapidly: In fact, 200 cubes from 24 countries are expected in Florida this weekend—and more than likely the current world record of 12.75 seconds (with a 3-by-3 cube) will be shattered.



Jeddie Estrella, a Montreal graphic designer, is one such hopeful. His best time, albeit unofficially, is 13.6 seconds. "You have to always be thinking two or three moves ahead," says Estrella, 27, who competed at the 2003 World Championships in Toronto. "Once you have your moves memorized, solving it becomes automatic. At that point, it's all about how fast you can do it!" **J.J.**



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6. THE GREAT MOUNTAIN RAIN, Peter C. (CA)	2
7. THE MOUNTAIN, Joseph J. (CA) and Stephen J. (CA)	2
8. THE MOUNTAIN, John (CA)	1
9. THE MOUNTAIN, Andrew C. (CA)	1
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A CALL TO INACTION

Two years in, and Paul Martin is still figuring out what he doesn't know

"MR. SPEAKER, for well over a year and a half the minister has devoted 14 hours a day to Aboriginal Canadians." Paul Martin said the other day in the Commons. The minister in question, Andy Scott, was having a rough week. Well, perhaps not as rough as the residents of Kitchichewau.

Devoted 14 hours a day, you say? Great. How? "We have had cabinet meetings with Aboriginal leaders," Martin said. "We have had round tables. He has done everything to build up toward the first ministers' meeting."

So this is how Martin's minister has met grace in the bush: eyes he has had meetings, and meetings on his way to meetings. He was planning even more meetings to discuss Kitchichewau's fine array of poor-based water products when the Ontario government did something the Martin government finds disorienting: it voted Kitchichewau's most endangered residents were shifted out. Did not McGaughey, who delivered the orders, make it quite clear this wasn't an Ontario-premier's job. But since it should have been the feds' job, and they were busy in meetings and round tables, McGaughey picked up the slack.

Welcome, once again, to Paul Martin's Ottawa.

This week's column celebrates an anniversary of sorts: It was Nov. 14, 2000, when Martin delivered his acceptance speech to reign Grits at Toronto's Air Canada Centre. Martin's hold on the top seat is wavered this November than a year ago. The polls show support for the Liberals holding steadily ahead of the Conservatives, if not far enough for complete comfort. The government is getting a few things done. On Friday, Ken Dryden signed a daycare deal with Quebec, making it the eighth province to join the legendary goalie's new adventure in social engineering. Military spending is on a gentle upward slide. It isn't the Rita, but it's something. Right now Martin seems likelier to be re-elected than to be knocked off at the next election.



Which means the big guy can continue his education. It is appropriate that Martin, a fan of lifelong learning, still seems to be figuring things out. Oddly basic things. People disagree? They cancel when you don't know what you think? They laugh when you tell them. Helmut Strohach's new cabinet job has nothing to do with winning a confidence vote! If Martin wrote a self-help book along the lines of *ALL I Really Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten*, his would be called *ALL I Really Need to Know: How a Mystery To Me Until I Passed Retirement Age and Nearly Lost the Job I'd Wanted All My Life*.

Perhaps the biggest lesson is that big problems don't go away with a smile. Martin's original appeal to the Liberal party and the electorate was that he could make a real difference in the most intractable challenges facing the nation. Take these four from a longer list: western alienation, Quebec separatism, our relationship with the United States, and

the first of Canada's Aboriginal populations.

Last week's nasty lesson was that these problems aren't just tougher than they look, they're actually real together, like some infernal string puzzle. Trying to fix one makes another worse.

Condolectus Rite came to town. "True, the U.S. secretary of state did visit dozens of other countries and, by my count, in often solar systems before making it to Ottawa. Still, she arrived. Still, she was invited to learn that Canada U.S. meetings these days are mostly lies of Canadian demands. Let our software in. Keep your game out. Don't ask for prospects when we visit. Rite was grandly unimpressed."

To get the Americans' attention on soft wood, Martin's people have lately threatened to raise Canadian oil and sell it to Asia instead of to the Yankos. Problem: it's mostly Alberta's oil. "Buy 'No' to making energy a power in an unrelated trade dispute," Ralph Klein said last week in Left bridge. Some Albertans are tired of being mentioned in Ottawa only when Martin wants to sell Alberta's products or demonstrate its policies.

The name disillusionment is fit, perhaps even more loudly in Quebec. Nativists who thought Martin would be less rigid than Jean Chrétien find him too willing to pop his head into provincial business. Martin seems that dumb of a "national interest" in child care and health care said, well, in whatever surprises him, as the Constitution doesn't matter.

Problem: there is also a national interest in the federal government doing its own work before it does that of the provinces. *Plex Nations* health is the federal government's job. We were reminded last week that the federal government's handling of that job has been a disaster. If this government did less work that it shouldn't, it could do more work that it should. One more lesson for the big guy: if it isn't already too late.

To comment: backstagecritic@comcast.ca
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